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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Cincinnati Morning Herald.

ESCAPE OF A YOUNG WOMAN FROM A SLAVE COFFLE.

"Slaves are slippery things." A member of the Maryland Legislature once told me, that when he was a boy, "slaves were pretty good property; and now-a-days they do well enough whilst the owner is living, but as soon as the owner dies, and you come to look for the slaves, they are up and off like a flock of partridges—like Paddy's flea, when you come to put your finger upon them, they ain't there!"

The following is a true story; (from prudential reasons, names are not given.)

A gentleman residing in one of the free States, had a free colored girl living with him, and being about to take his wife to the Federal city to visit her relations, this young woman requested permission to accompany them. A few days after their arrival at Washington city, a slave gang or "coffle, passing along the street, on their way to a Southern market," stopped immediately in front of the house where this gentleman, his wife, and free servant were staying; it was in the dusk of the evening, but not dark. The slaves, male and female, were tied, some by a small cord, others by a chain, to a long rope, that passed between the ranks of the slaves, "looking very much like a parcel of firemen drawing their engine by a single rope." While the gentleman was viewing this sad spectacle, he heard a shriek of agony in the house, and immediately went to see what was the matter. He found his servant had fainted, and was laying on the floor. He dashed some water into her face, which revived her, when he asked what was the matter. She replied, "My God! they have got my *sister* in that coffle!" "Hush up," replied he; "show me which she is, and make no noise about it." He then went into the street, with his knife concealed in his hand, and quietly cut the cord that bound her to the coffle rope, without anybody except the captive seeing it; he then said to her in an angry tone, "go into the house, you huzzy, or I'll knock your d—d brains out." She instantly obeyed—his language and bearing, and her obsequious submission, were in such good keeping with Southern manners, that the by-standers never suspected that anything was wrong. The head devil, who had charge of the coffle, was at the other end of the rope, and no notice was taken of the transaction by anybody. The gentleman then went into the house, and told the fugitive to get into an ice-chest, and immediately shut the lid—this was done in order that his brother-in-law, at whose house he was staying, might not see her, and should know nothing about it, in case he was inquired of. It was several hours before the cars would start for the North, and the gentleman says they were the longest hours he ever remembered.

About an hour and a half after the girl had been thus far rescued, a horseman was seen passing up the street on a full run—they had gone some distance from the town before the young woman was missed—this man (or rather demon) had returned in search of her; nobody had seen her—nobody knew anything about her—the search was fruitless. They "*knew* that they brought her to Washington, and as there were always plenty of people about, it was *impossible* she could have escaped in the city;" so he concluded she must have eloped after they got out of the city; and back he went, on a full run, as if "old Harry" was after him, in order to search the country between the city and the place where they first missed her. He was no sooner gone than our Northern gentleman opened the ice-chest, and told the affrighted girl to get up and dress herself in her sister's clothes, and follow him to the railroad depot as his servant. Now came the great trial; it was a dangerous experiment for him and for her; the scrutiny was severe. Before the cars started, the agent came up to her and demanded "whom do you belong to?" She replied, "to Mr. ——," pointing to him. The agent asked, "Does this wench belong to you?" "Yes, Sir!" was the laconic reply, with all the hauteur of a Southern nabob. The gentleman had a sallow complexion, dark hair, dark eyes, and might readily pass for a Southerner; but the direction of the route he was travelling, or something else, made the agent hesitate. It was a fearful moment, when the gentleman assuming all the bluster and "chivalry" of which he was capable, and *feeling indignant* at the craven tool of Southern slavocracy, his eye flashed fire, as he put his hand into his bosom, (as though he was in the act of drawing an unanswerable argument out of his pocket,) and turning around to the agent he demanded in a tone that made him quail, "Do you doubt my word, Sir?" To which the agent replied, "Oh, no, Sir, your word is sufficient." This appeared to calm our friend's resentment, so lowering his tone, he asked the agent if he did not remember his bringing his servant with him to Washington about a week before, adding, "you ought to know *that bonnet*—your Washington niggers don't often carry such headgear;" at which the agent, smiling, went away, saying, "all's right, Sir, all right!" and away went the cars, gentleman, servant, and all! and she is now living where the slaveholder will not find her; or if he does, he dare not take her. Thus was a young woman rescued from "worse than death," and thus was a Northern man made into an Abolitionist, which he was not when he left home for the South. He is such *now*, and no doubt will continue to be such as long as he lives.

Reader, Washington city is the capital of "the freest Republic under the sun!" It is a great slave market—belongs to the people of the free States as much as it does to those of the slave States. "Hail Columbia happy land!" What have you of the North to do with Slavery at the South? "Go home and mind your own business." * * *

The above transaction took place within sight of the Capitol over which floats the flag of our country; the bloody stripes upon that star-spangled banner prove that our forefathers were in favor of stripes—and stripes are a necessary concomitant of Slavery—therefore the framers of our Constitution intended to protect Slavery forever. If that be not plain I can't make it plainer. Q. E. D.

From the New-York Tribune.

MURDER OF A SLAVE.

A private letter has been placed in our hands from a highly respectable gentleman in Savannah, giving the particulars of a most tragic event which occurred some time since in that city. The writer had mentioned the principal fact in a previous letter, and now gives farther particulars in answer to a doubt expressed by his correspondent here of the truth of the story.

"You state that you have your doubts about the killing of the negro slave. I will give you the facts as I have heard them. A person named Herb came home on Christmas morning at about 2 o'clock, and, on entering the house, (he being intoxicated at the time,) called for his private slave 'Fortune,' who had been ordered to sit up and wait till his master came home. He, however, had fallen asleep on the table, and the master was let in by another slave. The master inquired for 'Fortune,' and, on being told where he was, immediately rushed into the room and stabbed him with a Bowie knife, three or four times, and afterward dragged him off the table and kicked him. The house was by this time aroused and the negro picked up by one of his fellow slaves, who told his master that Fortune was dying. Herb then went for a doctor, but before he arrived the slave was a corpse. As Mr. Herb was sorry for what he had done, as his going for a doctor proved, and the slave was his own private property, *nothing was done to him—it was not even mentioned in the public papers.* As to the truth of the story—I was not a witness to the killing, but I believe the story, nevertheless, having heard it from respectable and responsible persons."

NEGRO DOGS.—The undersigned, having bought the entire pack of Negro Dogs, (of the Hays & Allen stock,) he now proposes to catch runaway negroes. His charges will be three dollars per day for hunting, and fifteen dollars for catching a runaway. He resides three and a half miles north of Livingston, near the lower Jones' Bluff road.

WILLIAM GAMBREL.

Nov. 6, 1846—6m.

PROBABLE ASSASSINATION.—The Helena (Arkansas) Journal gives an account of another murder, recently committed in Chicot county, by two negroes. Their master hired them to kill a white man, and they buried him on the river bank, and were then taken to New Orleans, and sold. The facts leaked out; the people of that neighborhood became excited, took him out, and nothing is known what has been done with him, although it can be easily guessed at.—*Mirror.*

Pro-Slavery.

From the Augusta (Me.) Gospel Banner.

THE CIRCULAR AND PROTEST.

To Revs. Henry Bacon, Sebastian Streeter, Sylvanus Cobb, Lucius R. Pagie, and Edwin H. Chapin:

I received some time since a "Circular" to which your names were attached, accompanied by a "Protest" against "American Slavery," to which you respectfully request me to affix my signature, and in case of my refusal so to do, to give you my reasons. There is but little in the "Circular" to which I object. Slavery is a great evil, and deeply do I regret its existence. I yield to no one in my devotion to Liberty. Liberty of thought—liberty of speech—liberty of action—liberty in Government, and liberty in person, has long been my motto, and I shall never cease to labor for this liberty in its widest extent so long as I shall retain my physical and mental faculties. But still I must decline signing your Protest; and one reason among others is, that I cannot consent to be instrumental in sowing the seeds of discord among my brethren, or lend what little influence I may possess, in rending in twain a denomination, for the upbuilding of which I have devotedly labored for sixteen years. I have looked with pride upon our sect while advancing with rapid strides and with the firm steps of a giant, overcoming her numerous foes with her omnipotent truths, aided by the glorious motto which was engraved upon her shield—UNION AND HARMONY. While I have witnessed with deep regret the *convulsive throes*—the *ominous agitations* of other Christian sects, which have been produced by a few misnamed philanthropists, who in their zeal, have stepped aside from their legitimate sphere, to *gravely* present to their household of religious faith a view of a *huge fungus* upon the "body politic" which had long been perceptible to men of less penetration than themselves, without even *recommending* a remedy for its removal. If physicians should do no more than merely inform us that we were sick, (a fact which we have already learned by experience,) without presenting a remedy, of what possible benefit could that class of men be to the world? None at all! And yet their information is equally as valuable, as that of those who inform us that Slavery is a *monstrous evil*, but at the same time do not inform us how we are to rid ourselves of it. I consider Slavery so interwoven into our political organization that it is utterly futile to attempt its removal by paper PROTESTS. We must endure the evil which was entailed upon us by our fathers until it can safely be removed. I have possessed the hope that this "apple of discord" would have never been thrown in our midst, and that this most exciting of all subjects would have been confined to the political arena where gladiators exhibit their quarrelsome propensities for the amusement of the spectators. But my brethren in the ministry (some of them at least) seem to have viewed the subject through a different medium. I love and respect them; but I love the *peace* and *prosperity* which have heretofore attended our denomination *more—infinitely more.* And I pray God to avert the evil which I fear will come upon us. I wash my hands clean of the matter; but whatever may be the result let us all hope for the best.

I am, brethren,
Yours, in faith and love,
N. C. FLETCHER.

THOMASTON, (Me.) February 9th, 1846.

From the New-York Observer.

PROPOSED CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

A call has been issued signed by several clergymen and others for a Convention to be held in Philadelphia just before the meetings of the General Assembly in May, the object of which is to bring an influence to bear upon the action of the Assembly (New School) on the subject of Slavery. Several circumstances combine to invest this movement with interest as it becomes daily more evident that there is a settled diversity of sentiment on the principle involved in the Slavery question, which renders farther compromise difficult if not impossible. The ground taken by the last General Assembly (Old School) and by the American Board of Foreign Missions, that Slavery is not sin *per se*, at least in such a sense as necessarily to justify the exclusion of the slaveholder from the Church is now the doctrine very generally held by the conservative portion of the churches, while there are others, ministers and laymen, who deny it, and cannot submit to its practical operation.

This state of things renders the adjustment of the subject next to impracticable. The Christian Observer, of Philadelphia, thus anticipates the Convention:

THE NEXT GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The movement commenced in one section of the Church to induce the next General Assembly to take some efficient action on the Slavery question, has created apprehension and anxiety in the minds of many in the Northern churches. The call for a party convention on the subject has been published, with what is understood as an endorsement, by the New-York Evangelist. The spirit evinced by some connected with this movement, who seem to be reckless of consequences, and avow their determination to carry out their purposes in the Assembly, or sunder the Church; the strange fire mingled in these efforts, awakens deep concern in the minds of many of the more intelligent members of the Church. Not only laymen, but pastors are looking on with deep concern. Among recent communications on the subject, we have one from an esteemed Pastor in Pennsylvania, who seems to have little hope of peace in the Church. After noticing the state of things, he says, "Whether after all anything can be done to prevent the storm from breaking upon us, which has now been gathering thicker and blacker for some years, is a matter of painful doubt."

The case of the Rev. Mr. Graham, who has been suspended from the ministry on account of his views of the scriptural teachings on this subject, will come up in the Assembly. This case is one of the most remarkable in the annals of church discipline. Mr. Graham's sentiments were expressed in a discussion before the Synod, and afterwards published in a pamphlet. He has now published a succinct history of the case, embracing a synopsis of his views for which he has been suspended, and it is of the very highest importance to the religious liberty of the members of the church to which Mr. Graham belongs, that its highest judicatory should decide whether the views here set forth by him are such as are incompatible with a standing in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. If the decision sustains the Synod, there are hundreds of ministers, and among them, the ablest and best men of the church, that are liable to the same condemnation.

It is in reference to the adjudication of such a case as this that we refer to the proposed Convention. An ecclesiastical court is about to sit in judgment on a question to be determined by law and evidence. A number of the judges meet together before the sitting of court and agree upon a *decision!* They will then go into court not only with opinions formed, but *committed* and pledged by speeches and votes to sustain certain views and measures, which involve of necessity the decision of the case we have stated. What a court to try a case! Would it not be a just and proper ground of objection to any member of that court that he had already expressed his opinion, and pledged himself to a fixed line of action in the premises?

It is also known to our readers that several overtures are to be submitted to the same Assembly to secure the amendment of the Confession of Faith in such a way as to enumerate the holding of slaves as one of the sins under the Eighth Commandment. This will bring the subject also directly to the point, and we do not see that there is any disposition on the part of those who are urging action, to meet upon any common ground, or to be satisfied with any other result than the adoption of their extreme opinions.

The peculiar interest which we feel in the subject lies in the bearings of the question upon the ultimate removal of the evil of Slavery. We have had so many evidences of a favorable character from the South within a few months past, that we are exceedingly anxious that our churches and the press, and especially that our ecclesiastical bodies, should pursue those measures only which will foster the feelings of peace and brotherly kindness. Hard words and violent measures have had a fair trial for ten or fifteen years, and the result is known of all men. No good but evil rather has been the consequence. Let us now lay aside all clamor and evil speaking, and in the unity of the spirit, pursue the plan of our blessed Master, and the policy of the Apostles to deliver the land from Slavery, and the world from the dominion of sin.

WOOL.—The Evening Post, of yesterday, contains a long article concerning the duty on wool, in which much is said about the article which comes from South America, but not a word is said about *African* wool. It is high time that the *Post* had begun to talk about *that* too.—*Slamm's Globe.*

Selections.

From the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter.

THE REV. WILLIAM KNIBB.

When, in a former number, we mentioned briefly the death of the distinguished man whose name is at the head of this article, we intimated our intention to take some further notice of this event at an early period. We now proceed to the fulfilment of our promise, by presenting a short sketch of his career, in so far as it stands connected with the abolition of Slavery.

William Knibb went to Jamaica in the service of the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1824, at the age of twenty-one years. Endowed with a high sense of justice and with ardent generosity, he could not but feel, from the first, the grievous wrongs inflicted by Slavery; the instructions of the society, however, precluded him from taking any active measures for their redress. It was at that period the policy of all the Missionary Societies to let Slavery alone, in order that their agents might, if possible, conciliate the good-will of the planters to their religious operations. The missionaries, consequently, took no part against Slavery. The spread of the Gospel among those slaves to whom access was open, however, was extremely annoying to the planters, and by its effect in raising the intellectual and moral character of the slaves, it indirectly threatened the overthrow of slavery itself, if it should spread extensively. An intense hatred of the missionaries consequently grew up in the island, and a determination was formed to effect their expulsion. To carry out this design, advantage was taken of the insurrection which broke out among out among the slaves just before Christmas, 1831; and the existence of martial law was seized upon as an opportunity for heaping on the missionaries such insults and injuries as it was hoped they would not endure. Seeing that the devoted men they were assailing braved the storm, however, and remained with their persecuted flocks, their disappointed adversaries formed another scheme, avowedly and exclusively for their expulsion, under the name of the Colonial Church Society—a religious name used as a cover for implacable malice, and made the pretext for a series of outrages, in the pulling down and burning of private houses and chapels—as well as threatened, and sometimes actually perpetrated, personal violence, which have rarely been paralleled in the history of civilized nations. This step brought matters to a crisis, and reduced the missionaries generally to a conviction, that, if the religious welfare of Jamaica was to be secured, the neutral position must be abandoned, and an attack be made on the system of Slavery itself. Under this conviction, two of the body, Messrs. Burchell and Knibb, came over to England in the spring of 1832, with the express design of laying open the enormities of Slavery to the society by whom they had been sent, and to the community at large. As Mr. Burchell is still living, we shall confine our remarks to the proceedings of Mr. Knibb. His first interview was with the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, whose long-cherished habit of non-interference presented to him an obstacle of no inconsiderable magnitude. He pleaded strenuously, and at length declared his determination to proceed, even at the sacrifice of the connexion he then held. His first public appearance was at the annual meeting of the society, which was held that year at Spa Fields Chapel. Here he spoke with his usual animation, and at length, amidst—we were going to say, the fears, but we may almost say, the terrors—of the then respected secretary and others on the platform, he vented his full heart. The excitement of that meeting was indescribable. Knibb carried that audience with him, and no doubt now remained of his appeal having a similar effect on every other. A series of public meetings in all parts of the country then followed, in which this fervid advocate of human freedom and happiness was well sustained by the Anti-Slavery Agency Committee (then and some time previously in active operation,) and by which the popular sentiment of Great Britain and Ireland was roused to a degree almost unprecedented, and altogether overwhelming. At some of these meetings, the defenders of Slavery—one of them especially, Mr. Borthwick—came forward, denying every statement, and disputing every inch of ground. In these cases Mr. Knibb's undaunted courage, perfect knowledge of facts, and deep pathos, were of invaluable service. His appeals at once satisfied the understanding and melted the heart, and may be placed amongst the finest specimens of native and genuine eloquence; and he may safely be said to have done as much as any other single man to create the resolute tone of public feeling before which Slavery in the British colonies subsequently fell.

When, in the same year, committees of inquiry were instituted in both houses of Parliament on the subject of Slavery, it was but natural that Mr. Knibb, then in the country, should be one of the parties summoned to appear before them. His examinations were repeated, protracted, and severe. The facts he told were of the gravest kind, and strenuous efforts were made to invalidate his statements. His evidence, however, was well given and impregnable, and contributed much to the determination to which the Legislature afterwards came.

After the passing of the act of 1833, he fully perceived that the apprenticeship created by it was but Slavery under another name; and he co-operated ardently with those who sought, and ultimately effected, its termination. When the period of emancipation came his joy was unbounded; it was not, however, inconsiderate. He used his extensive influence to direct the ecstacy of the new freemen into moral and religious channels, and to preserve, in so great and dreaded a transition, that social order which, it is now matter of history, was not in a single instance violated. He promptly saw the spirit of Slavery surviving its forms, and he fought strenuously for the practical freedom of the emancipated. With him and his brethren originated the idea of forming free villages for the residence of the peasantry, so that they might escape from the tyranny to which they were subjected by residing on the estates of the planters; and he had the pleasure of seeing this admirable system carried out, by himself and others, to a very considerable extent. He watched the progress of the island Legislature, and saw how they gradually shifted the burden of taxation from themselves to the emancipated class; a scheme of oppression the exposure of which was the object of some of his latest efforts. On no subject, however, did he feel more strongly, than on the injustice done to all parties by the system of Coolie immigration, against which he may be said to have protested with his dying breath.

Mr. Knibb was present at the Anti-Slavery Convention held in London in 1840, in which he took a lively interest, and to which he brought two blacks who had formerly been slaves in Jamaica. His last visit to England was in 1845; and his last appearance before a public auditory in his native country—his farewell to his brethren only excepted—was at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society of that year, at the Hall of Commerce, in London.

He was cut off in the midst of his usefulness, and in scarcely more than the prime of life, by an attack of yellow fever, on the 15th of November, 1845. All parties admit him to have been an extraordinary man. We hold him to have been a noble one. His name must rank with Buxton, Wilberforce, and Clarkson.

From the New-York Tribune.

The *Express*, which habitually goes off in a fit of "terrible, very terrible indignation at every manifestation of hostility on the part of Englishmen to *American* Slavery, copies with approbation from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* a description of a scene in the slave market at Constantinople, in which the horrible incidents of the trade in human flesh are so graphically presented as almost to curdle the blood. The scene in all its disgusting particulars often finds its parallel in the United States, but if a Northern press ventures a manly allusion to the atrocities of our own Domestic Slave-Trade it will be pretty certain to encounter a storm of abusive epithets from the Express, and to be bored *ad nauseam* with its Caudle-like twaddle about the slave's happy condition, his freedom from care, &c. If it were published in Constantinople would it not with equal facility weary the ear of Humanity and insult the common sense of the world with similar excuses for the slavery that prevails *there?* Did it never occur to our neighbor that this description of the slave mart of Constantinople is all a lie, prompted by English hostility to the Turks and their institutions? Perhaps the story was set afloat out of pure malignity by some Circassian Douglass, some "glib-tongued scoundrel mounted on the sympathies of others," and seeking to destroy the institutions of his country by a servile insurrection! Beside, we should like to know what right an Englishman has to meddle with Turkish Slavery when the laborers in his own country are worse off than slaves! As for *American* interference with the peculiar institutions of Turkey

"Will not the scorching answer come
From *turban'd Turk* and fiery Russ—
'Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us?'"

This retort from the Turk would doubtless be received by the Express as a gross personality, judging from the temper it exhibited the other day at a certain allusion in the Albany Evening Journal. Can we not coax the Express to tell its curious readers what that allusion was? Do, neighbor! The mystery of a Northern press with Southern principles needs the explanation which that allusion can alone supply. Why stand mute when multitudes wait breathless for the word which shall satisfy their longing curiosity?

THE TRIBUNE AND EXPRESS.

"The Albany Evening Journal" lately made a personal allusion to one of the editors of this paper, coupled with an assertion containing a gross falsehood. The editor of the Journal was informed that the person of whom the falsehood was asserted, was absent from the city. The Fourierite of The Tribune, alluding to this very paragraph in the paper of this morning, says:

"Can we not coax the Express to tell its curious readers what that allusion was? Do, neighbor? The mystery of a Northern press with Southern principles needs the explanation which that allusion can alone supply. Why stand mute, when multitudes wait breathless for the word which shall satisfy their longing curiosity?"

Such is the meanness and degradation of the Tribune. Its own manner is to publish its filth on all its peculiar doctrines of Infidelity, Agrarianism, Fourierism, and other equally nauseating tom-fooleries, and then, when called to account, sneak out by saying that the articles were not written by the "responsible" editor. Here, after having been told that the gross personalities of its kindred sheet are not answered, because the person to whom they allude is out of the city, it reiterates the call for an answer in order to convey the insinuation that these matters cannot be answered.—*Express of Tuesday.*

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Our sweet-tempered neighbor does not truly state the point at issue. We are in no hurry whatever for the absent editor's "*answer*" to the allusion of the Evening Journal, as we presume he will be in no hurry to make it. Any time betwixt now and never will answer for *that.* We have only been trying to coax the Express to tell its readers what *was* the "allusion" which it pronounced "low, false, and ungentlemanly," and of which it said, in its usually polite and dignified manner, that it "divided in about equal proportions the blackness of a lie and the brutality of blackguardism." Is the home editor afraid to trust his readers with this information before the return of his associate? Why this blind, unintelligible reference to a paragraph which would occupy only half-a-dozen lines? As we despair, however, of getting the Express to do it, we will publish the "allusion" which so fearfully aroused its ire. Here it is, from the Evening Journal of the 9th instant:

"The Express fears that some of the slaves its editors married in Virginia may follow the example of Douglass, at least in running away, if not in writing letters. We do not expect slaveholders to abjure Slavery, but the fewer of this class of Whig editors we have at the North the less likely will the Whig party be to follow blind guides."

This was said by the Evening Journal in reply to a paragraph in which the Express vaunted its own peculiarly *national* feelings, its freedom from local bias, &c. Whether the retort was justified or not by the provocation depends of course upon the question of its verity. Our readers will of course draw their own inferences as to the probable truth or falsehood of the Journal's "allusion" from the temper exhibited by the Express, and its unwillingness to let its readers know what the Journal had said. There is a homely proverb that "it is the *wounded* bird that flutters;" but, as the Express assures us that the one who was hit is not at present on the nest, we suppose this unusual agitation of its editorial feathers means nothing in particular!

—The Express has one more paragraph, the courtesy and politeness of which are so conspicuous that we must quote it:

"There is one remarkable characteristic in the course of the 'Evening Journal' and 'Tribune,' considered as papers professing to be Whig. Both of these journals are always glorifying, like Chipman, of Michigan, and Kennedy, of Indiana, in everything that is low and degrading. Everything, with them, is polite that is vulgar;—and everything moral that is expedient. They are Barnburners,—Loco-Foco traitors in the Whig ranks, holding nothing in common with the party to which they profess to belong, except the name, which they disgrace by their doctrines and by their manner of inculcating them."

There will certainly be little need, after this, of our telling what is the "remarkable characteristic" of the Express. We must own, in all humility, that, in comparison with the extreme gentility and politeness of that journal, our manners are indeed rude and uncouth. But let not the Express despair of our reformation, for, under the ameliorating influence of its elevated principles and ennobling example, we're making rapid progress. "Man is *man*," you know, and not easily "kicked and cuffed into reason."—Have patience, neighbor, with our waywardness and lack of refinement!

From the True American.

OPPRESSION.

We received some days since, a note from a native born Kentuckian, the father of six children. It told on its face of poverty and ignorance. It was soiled, awkwardly folded, badly written, and just one of those things which a nice gentleman would not like to handle. Yet does it contain brave thoughts, and yearnings after good, such as not one in a thousand feels. The man himself knows his condition; pierces through the wrongs of that condition; and would peaceably, for his children's sake, ged rid of the oppression which bears so hard upon him and them. He says in substance:

"I have worked with these hands of mine for near thirty years, have raised up a family, have done my duty as a father and a citizen—but, in old age, I see no better hopes for them than I had. I own a few acres of land and till them. They know that manual labor is degrading, and dont like to do as I have done. They see that the mechanic professions are not honorable, and wont enter them. I have no means to educate them; they have no opportunities to get forward.—What is to be done?

It is easy for others to say to them "do as your father has done, work; and be men and women." But where are they who do this? Where are the men who set themselves against the current? It is so easy and so pleasant to swim with it, that the "big majority" all go one way. And why is it that my children are so situated? Why do they feel as they do? Why is this iron hand bound round them, making them idlers, good for nothing, when they might be happy and prosperous? You know, and I know, *better* than you, that Slavery does it all.

And who represents our wants? Who tries to relieve our sufferings? We are mighty fine people about election times, and have plenty of compliments from candidates, and the friends of candidates; but not a hand is raised to take off from us the oppression we bear! We can't write; we can't talk; we have no means to unite our strength; and the poor men of Kentucky, while nominally free, are as much slaves as the blacks on Mr. ****'s plantation. Oh, Sir! if I could see my class righted, and my children placed as the children of Ohio laborers are, all having equal opportunities, I would give the little all I have, and start the world again, with these old hands, for a living."

Sad, sad, is this picture, yet not so sad as the reality. It is as the old man says; he and the poor whites of Kentucky are borne down by the oppression which Slavery creates. It makes them ignorant and keeps them so; it renders them depraved without bestowing the means of reform—it confers privileges only to mock them with the utter impossibility of enjoying them. Can it be that slaveholders are indifferent to this injustice? Can it be that they are willing to continue an oppression so biting and cruel? Oh! there are, we know there are, noble and generous spirits among them, who are neither indifferent to this injustice, nor willing to continue this oppression, towards the poor whites! If so, let them speak out, let them act.

From the Free Labor Advocate.

THE LONDON COMMITTEE AT NEWPORT.

I was present at the conference between the deputation of English Friends, and Anti-Slavery Friends in Newport, on the 2d day of the present month, and concluded that perhaps a short account of what transpired on that occasion, would be interesting to the readers of the Advocate. I wish to say that what I have written is mostly from memory, and consequently very imperfect, but so far as the statement goes, I believe it is substantially correct. On First-day a notice was read in the Anti-Slavery Friends' meeting, stating that the deputation requested the *Seceders* in Newport, to meet them at their usual place of meeting on Second-day at 11 o'clock. Accordingly Anti-Slavery Friends met, and Wm. Forster, Josiah Forster, and George Stacy were present. John Allen being in ill health, did not attend. After the meeting had collected, Benjamin Stanton remarked on the importance of the subject, about which they were met—said he hoped Anti-Slavery Friends would listen with patience to whatever advice their English Friends might offer, and that he hoped, if they should fail to be convinced of the propriety of following that advice, and should incline to make any reply, that the Committee would have the kindness to exercise the same patience in listening to them.

George Stacy after a few introductory remarks read the minute of their appointment, and also the expostulatory address to Anti-Slavery Friends, from London Yearly Meeting—made a few remarks about the feeling manifested in London Yearly Meeting at the time the subject was under consideration, and was followed by Josiah Forster, who reverted back to the time of their appointment, the great solemnity of the occasion, the brotherly love that was felt towards those who had separated and expressed a strong desire that the address might have its full weight with those to whom it is addressed. Wm. Forster then remarked that the solemnity and religious exercise felt at the time, was greater than he ever experienced before, in that body, and pressed Anti-Slavery Friends to give the subject all the consideration it demanded.

George Stacy then rose and said as he supposed the meeting was about over, proposed to deliver copies of the expostulation to the members of the Society of Anti-Slavery Friends. Daniel Puckett observed that he hoped they (the English Friends) would not be in a hurry, as he supposed Anti-Slavery Friends were not clear of the subject. The deputation then disclaimed all desire of cutting off anything that might lay on the mind of any Friend; when he proceeded to state that he had sympathized and still did sympathize with his English Friends, now present, in their labor; for he supposed they found it a very up-hill business. He thought that if they had had to labor with the part of society, as seceders who held the opposite principles from Anti-Slavery Friends, they could have gone at the work with much more energy and animation. Benjamin Stanton followed him with a pretty lengthy speech. He said the separation had not taken place without a cause, whether the error was on the one side or the other—that he thought that error ought to be sought out and removed—that he presumed the English Friends would not go so far as to say that a church could not become so corrupt that it would be right to separate from it. He believed the English Friends had avoided directly censuring Anti-Slavery Friends, yet they virtually condemned them for separating from the body, and by implication, for their Anti-Slavery labors. For they had refused to examine into the matter to see where the wrong lay. He cited them to the separation in Baltimore Yearly Meeting, in which they recognized those that separated from the body on principle; whereas in this case they recognized the body that acknowledged practices at variance with their own, in closing their meeting-houses against Anti-Slavery meetings, and proscribed their brethren for being active in that cause, for he understood that London Yearly Meeting, on one occasion adjourned to an unusual hour for the accommodation of an Anti-Slavery meeting and the most prominent members of that Yearly Meeting were Abolitionists. Upon the whole he did not see how they could reconcile their inconsistency but feared that, though he did not call in question their honesty of purpose, a blind devotion to society had led them into error.

He remarked that the difficulty growing out of the Anti-Slavery enterprise commenced many years ago. That the Anti-Slavery Friends had been stimulated and sustained, in a great degree, by the advice of London Yearly Meeting in 1830, which was for Friends to mix with their fellow-countrymen in this and other works of benevolence, &c. and by the repeated exhortations of that meeting in its subsequent epistles, enforced by the example of its most prominent members, even down to the present time. And that for acting in accordance with that advice and their own example, our English Friends were now censuring Anti-Slavery Friends, and upholding those who rejected the advice, and condemned the practice which was in accordance therewith. Thus virtually condemning their own Anti-Slavery conduct as well as that of Anti-Slavery Friends.

He said the course which Friends in America had generally pursued, had, in his opinion, done a vast amount of injury to the Anti-Slavery cause; for wherever they were situated, with a few exceptions, their influence had been against it. (Turning and addressing the deputation, he said,) and you, I cannot suppose, are aware of the mischief you are doing to this cause by throwing the weight of your influence against us, and at the same time holding, as some of you do, (meaning Josiah Forster, and George Stacy,) the high station of members of the Executive Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society; and advising us to re-unite with a body that virtually condemns all such Anti-Slavery action.

He went on to show in a concise way, the action, caucusing, &c. of Indiana Yearly Meeting, to bring about the entire proscription of those Friends that participated in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and that in his view of the matter, there was no other way for Anti-Slavery Friends to do, but to separate from the body. He thought English Friends had not begun at the right end of the business—that the *cause*, however insufficient it might be, to justify a separation, ought to be removed before a re-union could take place on just principles.

Josiah Forster said, [and all the Committee concurred,] that he did not recollect of any Anti-Slavery meeting being held to the interruption of the adjournments of London Yearly Meeting, though he admitted that Friends in England did participate in the Anti-Slavery cause in England, and that he and George Stacy were members of the Executive Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and would probably remain so until the next annual meeting; yet he had attended very few Anti-Slavery meetings.

He said it might be so, that advice given in 1830 would not be proper in 1840. That Indiana Yearly Meeting had a right to accept or refuse the advice of London Yearly Meeting, and that he did not think the advice alluded to associated, but individual action.

William Forster said the unity of the Church was a great thing, that it had been a doctrine of our society, that we shall be subordinate to one another as brethren, Christ being the head; and that he thought we might bear our burdens until way opened for us to go forward.

Daniel Puckett thought, in reply, that if this doctrine is carried too far, it will place us on the stool of do-nothing, went on to state how he had borne and suffered for Society's sake, and to narrate some of the leading proscriptive measures of Indiana Yearly Meeting, and that he could see no way for them to get along but to separate.

B. Stanton said, it would seem from the remarks of our Friends, that the preservation of the external bonds of union was the primary object with our Friends; whereas he thought it should be secondary, purity being the matter of first importance. The Christian unity so much talked of, (notwithstanding what others may think of the matter,) was enjoyed by Anti-Slavery Friends in an eminent degree; and he could see no reason why Anti-Slavery Friends should seek a re-union unless it could be one of sentiment and feeling. He concluded nearly in these words: "Give us *unity* at all times, if it can be had in the *truth*; but give us *purity* at any rate."

Some other conversation occurred in which Josiah Forster intimated strong doubts about the propriety of Friends participating in Anti-Slavery meetings in this country. He believed Friends here, were Anti-Slavery to the fullest extent, or something to that effect. William Forster expressed pain in sitting and hearing his dear American Friends so much abused. Josiah added, and that without an opportunity to reply. George Shugart remarked they ought all to be together. Benjamin Stanton said that these statements were given as reasons in justification of Anti-Slavery Friends' course, and that they had over and over made said statements to the faces of the opposers.

The main subject appeared now to be got through with. Benjamin Stanton said he had one question to ask the deputation; whether they would be willing to be the bearers of an answer to London Yearly Meeting from Anti-Slavery Friends, either as individuals or in a Society capacity, and use their influence to procure it a hearing. They hesitated about the matter, and excused themselves on account of not having had time for consideration.

He then proposed that they should take the subject under consideration, and drop him a line when they had made up their minds on the subject. They then appeared to be prepared to give an answer without further consideration, and declined taking any such communication, as beyond their province, and could not *see any propriety in Anti-Slavery Friends sending such communication.*

The copies of the London Address were then distributed, and the meeting separated. C.

FREE BASIS.

Missouri comes up bravely. She is not to be controlled by the prejudice or power of the South. If Slavery prevails there, slaveholders have a sense of justice strong enough to do what is right as regards the true basis of representation. The convention of that State has resolved to change the Constitution, so as to apportion the Representatives in the Legislature upon the number of free white persons! This is a step forward. It looks like doing justice to the whites at least, and promising it, hereafter, to the blacks. Said a wise Southern statesman, "the best entering wedge for emancipation hereafter would be the establishment of the free basis."

The South now has an advantage over the North, which will not always endure. The slave is a person so far as regards voting, and under the law of the South, property in every other respect. Where is the justice of this? It cannot be defended on principle, and if ever the question comes before the people it will be put down. We make the prediction, with Texas Annexation staring us in the face, that the Constitution of the United States will be changed so as to give the free voters of the country equality of representation.—*True American.*

From the Christian Investigator.

DENUNCIATION!

The Journal of the American Temperance Union for July last, reports a speech of Dr. Jewitt, of Boston, before the New-York State Temperance Convention, from which we extract the following:

"We have been riddling through the Temperance riddle the rumsellers this twenty years, and a great many went through at first very easy; but it does seem to me that those we have now would not go through, and they have all been emptied out upon us. Some of our brethren are very willing to speak harshly of the business but not of the men. We do not do so in other things. If a man breaks into our house with false keys, we do not go about the next day, talking against false keys and house-breaking. The key is nothing without the man. It is the man, and not the key, who does the mischief. And so it is with the rum business. It would do no harm without the rumseller. We should, and if we would ever do any good, we must, call things by their right names, and tell our fellow-beings who are doing wrong, the whole truth. Father Hunt said last winter in Faneuil Hall, he had converted from the error of their ways about 200 rumsellers; but he had never converted one without first convincing him that he deserved from man a halter, and from God a hell. What if the Apostle Paul had said, Mr. A——a, the man who was engaged in business not far off, had injured him considerably, he wished him no harm, &c. &c. That would not have been like Paul. No. He spoke out the truth. "Alexander, the coppersmith, (no mistake about the man,) hath done me much harm. The Lord reward him according to his deeds."

How would "Father Hunt" relish the same language as applied to slaveholders and pro-slavery law-makers, instead of rumsellers? When Prof.

Humphrey wrote his "parallel between intemperance and the slave-trade," he must have taken for granted that the cruelties and abominations of Slavery were better known to the community than those of rum-selling. All he sought was an equal condemnation of the latter with the former. We need now another "Parallel" to be written, which shall prove to us that the guilt of the slave-trade is equal to that of the rumseller!

OUR FRIENDS ABROAD.

We have received a number of papers by the last steamer, giving accounts of various meetings held by our friends, Buffum and Douglass. A series has been held at Glasgow, and we give below a speech by Buffum, reported in the Glasgow Argus. Douglass had been previously in Belfast, and it seems had excited some discussion in the public prints on the Church question. We give an extract from one of the writers. The account of the Public Breakfast I need not commend to our readers:

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LECTURES ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.—On Thursday and Friday evenings last, Mr. Douglass delivered two lectures on the subject of American Slavery, in the Primitive Methodist Chapel, Donegall-place, to crowded audiences. On the latter evening, Mr. Douglass dwelt on the subject of the Annexation of Texas, showing that the principal object of the Americans was not only extended dominion and property, but the confirming and strengthening the cause of Slavery. Mr. Douglass exhibited some of the instruments of torture, used by the slave-drivers; and, after an able exposure of the Anti-Christian system, sat down amid general applause. On this occasion, the Rev. Dr. Drew filled the chair, and a number of clergymen and lay gentlemen appeared on the platform. Eloquent speeches were delivered by the Rev. Isaac Nelson, the Rev. Messrs. Boyd, Hodgen, &c.; also, by Mr. Buffum, an American Abolitionist, who has, we understand, promised to advocate the cause of temperance, next Tuesday evening, at the anniversary of the Total Abstinence Society, in the Lancasterian School. At the conclusion, votes of thanks were unanimously given to Mr. Douglass, for his talented advocacy of the cause of the slave; and to the Rev. Isaac Nelson, for his unflinching and valuable labors. The formation of a Female Anti-Slavery Society was announced. It was stated that Mr. Douglass would re-visit Belfast, if possible, during the next summer, at the time of the sitting of the General Assembly; that he would be entertained at a public breakfast, on Tuesday morning next, in the Commercial Buildings, and that, on Wednesday evening, he would give a lecture on the subject of Temperance, in the Presbyterian meeting-house, Donegall street.—*Northern Whig.* (*Belfast.*)

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MR. BUFFUM'S SPEECH.

Mr. Buffum, who was received with cheers, said, he should only occupy their attention for a short time, and he only did so because his friend, Mr. Douglass, would not be able to interest them for the whole evening. He had agreed likewise to speak first, while the meeting was gathering, that Mr. Douglass might have an opportunity of addressing a larger number of people. In order that they might understand this question, he would make them acquainted with the divisions of the American Government. They had in that country, in all, twenty-six States previous to last year, thirteen States nominally free, and thirteen slaveholding States. But the last Congress attached two slaveholding States to the Union, besides the territory of Texas, which, although not officially declared a portion of the Union, he believed, from what he had heard that night, that a bill had been brought into Congress for that purpose. Now, these thirteen free States were not connected with Slavery at all. In the State from which he came they had no more connection with the question of Slavery than the people of this country, excepting in so far as they were connected through the General Government. The site of the General Government in America was made up of a territory taken from Maryland and Virginia, of ten miles square. Within this boundary was situated the houses of Congress and all the machinery connected with the carrying on of the General Government, but, excepting through the Legislature, the Government had no jurisdiction whatever over the internal affairs of the different States. Inasmuch, however, as the Massachusetts members composed a portion of that Union, they had as deep an interest in the District of Columbia as any other State. By the Constitution of the United States, certain privileges were secured to slaveholders; and, in this District of Columbia, of ten miles square, slave prisons were erected, and men were sanctioned by the Government to sell men on auction-blocks—to deal in the bodies and souls of men. This privilege of auctioning slaves in the District of Columbia, cost $400, which went to the General Government. Last year he had occasion, for the first time in his life, to visit the District of Columbia; and, in order that they might understand the frightful effects of Slavery, he would relate a few anecdotes. After stating that he had taken no part in the elections to Congress, or in the election of a President for the last four or five years, in consequence of members having to take an oath that they would give their influence and sanction to the returning of fugitive slaves who escaped from one State to another, he proceeded to give an account of a visit which he made to the Hall of Congress. There a great number of individuals were pointed out to him who had fought duels, and had killed and wounded their opponents, and the bloody spirit which gave rise to this state of things he traced to the institution of Slavery. He next described visits which he made to the slave-mart and slave-prison, and concluded by declaring that what he saw made him almost ashamed of his race; and yet such was but a faint outline of the capital of the United States. The people of Scotland might think that Mr. Douglass was the only colored person who spoke on this subject; but he could tell them that he was not, and that there were ten or fifteen in the town of Lynn alone, which contained about 12,000 inhabitants, who could come forward and address a meeting in reference to Slavery. The week before he left home an old man came to his house on Sunday evening, and asked to have some talk with him. The stranger was a fugitive slave from Virginia, who had escaped for the second time, and from the cruel usage which he had received he could scarcely walk. In making his escape he had been pursued and shot at, but had baffled his pursuers, and now that he had got clear of Slavery he was doing well, and was perfectly happy, with but one exception—he had been obliged to leave his wife in bondage. As far as possible, however, he had contented himself with the hope that he would get her at some future time; and he wished to know whether or not he (Mr. B.) could advise him how to manage this. He told the poor old man that he saw no way in which he could procure her, and that the risk was so great that it was not worth while to make the attempt; when he turned round and said, live or die, survive or perish in the attempt, he would have his wife before twelve months. [Applause.] They had been told that colored people did not feel the same impressions as other men, but that was not the fact, as this anecdote showed; and he was quite satisfied they had as much affection and love for those related to them as the whites have. He would only detain them while he related another occurrence, which he saw with his own eyes. About two years ago, he started to go a little tour in the West with his wife. He went to Upper Canada, and feeling an interest in the slaves, he began to inquire how they were situated, when he was informed of the following circumstance:—J. C. Calhoun, one of their politicians, and well known in this country, had a slave, whom he sent to drive a coach, with his wife, into the country some sixty miles. This slave had laid a plan to escape into Canada, and, previous to leaving, the arrangement was made so that when he got to the end of the journey, he left the lady to drive herself and the coach home, and went in search of his own wife. After finding her, they travelled by night, and slept by day; but at length the wife was taken sick, and a burning fever came on. The woman, feeling satisfied that she would not survive, told her husband never to mind her death, but to go on and gain his liberty. She died. He dug her grave with his own hands in the forest, and, having buried her, went on to Canada. This man he met in the district which he visited—a quiet and decent citizen; and, indeed, he had been informed that, being well treated, there were not better citizens in Canada than the negroes who had escaped from bondage. [Applause.] So much was he delighted at the contrast in this respect between that country and America, that on one occasion, republican as he was, he took off his hat and gave three cheers for the little Queen. [Cheers and laughter.] He wished he could show them something of what he had witnessed, for he was sure that were they to go across the Atlantic, they would see, even after all the descriptions which they had heard and read, what would startle them regarding that horrible curse of the human race, Slavery. Mr. B. afterwards exhibited a few of what he called American emblems, consisting of an iron collar, with three prongs radiating from it, to prevent the wearer from lying down, which had been taken from the neck of an escaped female slave; the slave-whip, with five tails attached to it, and made of raw cow-hide; and a pair of fetters, such as the slaves were fettered together with on being driven to the market or auction-block. [The exhibition of these engines of cruelty produced a strong sensation amongst the audience; and, after a few farther remarks, Mr. B. resumed his seat amidst loud cheers.]

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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER IN THE (BELFAST) NORTHERN WHIG.

You ask me, am I so ignorant of history as not to know, that there was an American Revolution; that the States form no part of the British empire, while India is its largest division; and that it is proper for all men and *all churches to give the largest share of their attention to their own business?* Wretched man, what do you mean? Are you really the friend of the slave? I spoke not of kingdoms, of empires, or colonies. I spoke not of the power of England to enforce obedience where her sway is, or is not, acknowledged. I spoke of the holy feeling of brotherhood that links man to man, and overleaps all geographical boundaries. I spoke of the common faith which unites in one, the whole family of the Lord Jesus, however scattered abroad. And am I to be told, by the friend of the slave, in Belfast, to mind my own business? Is the Church to be taught to say, with Cain, am I my brother's keeper? What saved the life of Brown, condemned to die for assisting a slave to escape? What but the force of public opinion in Europe, the might of religious sentiment? Yes, Presbyterians; there is a Presbyterian minister, C. T. Torry, of sound Gospel opinions, of unblemished character, of laborious life in his Master's work, dying among felons, in the Penitentiary, in Baltimore, for helping three slaves to escape. A Belfast merchant, blessings on him for it, says the laity will take the van—yes, take the van, in this work of God. The vile American Government offers to sell the remainder of his punishment for $1,500. Presbyterians, do not listen to *The Banner*, when he tells you, in the language of the slaveholder, to mind your own business—that America has thrown off the yoke of Britain. Has America thrown off the yoke of Christ? Till she renounces Christianity, ply her with the statement, that she is dishonoring the name of Jesus, and that you will not hold fellowship with her churches. Let every congregation, by memorials to our Presbyteries, tell that Chalmers is wrong, that Cunningham is wrong; that the Free Church has sinned, by refusing to aid the Abolitionists, and by abusing them. Be assured, your remonstrances will not be in vain. You may, if you please, tell me that I am abusing other ministers—that I am an ignoramus; heap on me your worst and most trite epithets, but turn me from this great duty you will not. You cannot separate me from the Society, or the Society from me, though you declare you prefer to do so. Retire you from the contest. You ought never to have been in it. Be thankful you escape so quietly. Let Civis come out and defend the Free Church, if it can be defended. Let him show where the Society, in Belfast, has sinned,—deserving the abuse, which they have received. I again offer the propositions to Civis; and, if he does not take them up, the public will say he is not able:—

First, I believe the arguments used by Dr. Cunningham, before the Presbytery of Edinburgh, to induce the Presbytery to receive American slaveholders into communion, were both unscriptural and injurious to Christianity, though said by him to be based upon the Word of God.

Secondly, the decision come to by the late Assembly of the Free Church, in May last, on the same subject of fellowship with slaveholders, I believe to be a miserable piece of metaphysical sophistry, in which a distinction is made between slaveholding and holding men as chattel property—a distinction without a difference.

Thirdly, the Free Church is bound, in duty, to return the money, and blot from her minutes that decision which has earned and received the thanks of the slaveholding party in America.

Have you really fallen into the blunder, that I copied these propositions either from you, or some other? They are, Sir, my own—I never copied them from any writer; I defy you to point them out in any book or newspaper under the sun. Now, if you do not show from whom I have copied them, I will hint something about your veracity. You actually say you avowed and defended them when I was silent. I am not conscious of borrowing a single thought in these propositions from *The Banner*. But, if these three propositions, in reference to Dr. Cunningham, the decision of the Free Church, and its duty to return the money, be even in substance your thoughts, then, why scold me for slandering, as you say, the Free Church, if my abuse be only a bad paraphrase of what I found in *The Banner?* Your ruse of introducing Dr. Montgomery will not save you; it will recoil upon your own head. I never, as you say, attacked him. I heard him preach a sermon on the atonement; I wrote him a letter on the subject, but there was in it no abuse. I consider him theologically wrong, yet do I regard him as the *decus et tutamen*—the ornament and defence of his party. I am sorry that his opinions do not allow him to be a member of our Assembly. Am I, on this account, to refuse to unite with him, when I can, in doing good to the bodies of men—in a fever hospital, for example—or a poor-house, or a confederation to break the fetters and the manacles from the poor slave. If Dr. Montgomery would refuse communion with slaveholders in religion, if Daniel O'Connell refuses communion with them in politics, is it not the more shameful in us? You are defending, at present, mixed education in the Queen's Colleges—Roman Catholics are Presidents, Unitarians may be Professors. The deputation to his Excellency, regarding the site of the Northern College, was composed, partly, of Dr. Denvir, Dr. Cooke, and Dr. Montgomery. This is all right, in education, says the consistent editor of *The Banner;* but, when the question is the liberation of the slave, we must have only good orthodox men. Save me from the proposition of the Orthodox Dr. Chalmers, that the slaves should be left to buy themselves out of Slavery. I rejoice, that in this benevolent work all parties can unite till freedom is given to the bodies; then let each party direct the soul to Christ as they conscientiously believe best. I am, Sir,

ISAAC NELSON.

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From the (Belfast) Northern Whig.

PUBLIC BREAKFAST TO MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

On Tuesday morning last, at 10 o'clock, a public breakfast was given, in the large room of the Commercial Buildings, to Mr. Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave, whose lectures, in Belfast, have excited a considerable degree of interest. More than two hundred persons sat down to a most substantial breakfast, which was supplied by Mr. Hall, of the Commercial Hotel. Among the individuals present, there were the following:

Wm. S. Crawford, Esq. M. P. Rev. Isaac Nelson, Rev. Mr. Buffon, Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rev. Mr. Hodgens, Rev. Mr. M'Alester, Holywood; Rev. Jacob Alexander, Derry; Dr. Thompson, Roselands; Dr. Aikin, Dr. Thomas Thompson, Messrs. Robert Blackwell, Thomson Tennent, John Boyd, James M'Tear, James Gibson, James Blair, Samuel Vance, Edwin Blow, George Pim, R. Neill, J. Standfield, A. F. Calder, T. Hardy, Captain Hardcastle, Freeman Hardy, Robert Workman, J. M'Conkey, R. Boag, J. Workman, J. Workman, jr. T. Tripp, J. Henderson, York street; John Owden, William Valentine, C. Duffin; D. M'Connell, J. Arnold, Maxwell Sanders, J. M'Vicker, S. Edgar, Wm. M'Peake, Ballymena; J. Girdwood, J. Gray, J. Marshall, Wm. Webb, J. Lamb, J. C. Trotter, James Ireland, Alexander Robb, J. B. Ferguson, &c. &c.

A blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Nelson, and thanks were returned by the Rev. Mr. Hodgens.

WM SHARMAN CRAWFORD, Esq. M. P. was then called to the chair.

Mr. CRAWFORD said, he felt proud of the honor that the meeting had conferred upon him, in placing him in the position of their Chairman, on such an occasion as the present. When the Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society called on him to preside, he felt that there were no services he could render, that would be more especially his duty. (Cheers.) He considered, that there were two objects in that meeting:—Their first object was, to do honor to the gentleman on his left hand, and to give him the meed of their kindness for his exertions in the cause of humanity, and in the cause of the abolition of the nefarious system of Slavery. (Hear.) They wished to do honor to a man that had been a slave; but who now, he was proud to say, was no longer a slave.—(Cheers.) It was one of the most glorious principles of the British Constitution, that, when a man set his foot on British soil, no other man could claim a property in him; no slave-hunter could come on the soil of England, and claim a fugitive slave. (Cheers.) Such, he said, was one of the most glorious principles of the Constitution of Great Britain; and that gentleman, as long as he continued under the protection of Britain, had all the qualifications of a freeman. (Hear, and cheers.) There was another object, in their present meeting, infinitely more important than the first. It was, to denounce, by the power of their voice, the practice of all those countries which continued to permit Slavery to exist within them; but, more especially, to denounce the conduct of any country which professed to have a Constitution founded on the rights of the people—which professed the principles of democracy, and yet kept up a system of Slavery, by which a great portion of their fellow-creatures were deprived of all civil and religious rights whatever. (Loud cheers.) It was sufficiently bad, in those States that were governed by arbitrary authority, to maintain the system of Slavery; but it was doubly bad—it was tenfold worse—in a State professing democratic principles. (Hear.) As a member of the British Legislature he could not stand before them, and not, as the Representative of a constituency by which he was bound to have a consideration for the rights of the people, denounce any country that maintained such principles. (Hear, hear, hear, and loud cheers.) It occurred to him, that it might be desirable to record the principles of the American Constitution; and, by doing so, to show them how discordant those principles were with their actions. He should read them the heading of the Declaration of American Independence, of the 17th September, '87. It commenced with this first paragraph:—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish," &c. That was part of the declaration by which the people of the United States professed to carry out their Constitution; and now they gave the lie to that declaration, when they maintained the practice of Slavery. (Cheers.) They said they wanted to establish justice: was their system of Slavery compatible with justice? Was it just that they should have an unfortunate race of men within their bounds, from whom the principles of justice were withheld, and all the rights and protection of the laws? (Hear, hear.) It was most remarkable proof of the debasing nature of those laws which governed that country, that they would let a white man be protected for crime against a black man. A black man, by those laws, could not be a witness against him; and the consequence was, that the slaveholder could commit whatever outrage he chose against his slave. There might be none present but his slaves at the commission of the outrage; and no matter what the outrage, that iniquitous law of which he spoke would screen the white man. Was such a law as that consistent with the principles of justice professed by the American States? (Hear, hear.) They wanted to secure the tranquillity of the country; but how could they expect tranquillity to be ensured, when they had the great mass of the population put away from the benefit of the laws? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) They said they wanted to secure their welfare; now, did they do so? (Hear, hear.)

He would call their attention to the words of a distinguished writer, De Tocqueville, who, in his *Democracy in America*, vol. 11, page 329, says,—"The traveller who floats down the current of the Ohio may be said to sail between liberty and servitude—upon the left bank of the stream the population is rare—some troops of slaves loitering in the half desert fields—the primeval forest recurs at every turn—society seems asleep—man to be idle—nature alone offers a scene of activity and life. From the right bank, on the contrary, a confused hum is heard, which proclaims the presence of industry; the fields are covered with abundant harvests; the elegance of the houses announces the taste and activity of the laborer, and man appears to be in the enjoyment of that wealth and contentment, which is the reward of labor." Such was the contrast which that very distinguished writer drew between the condition of the slave and the freeman. (Loud cheers.) Now, they said, that they wanted to establish liberty; but, how could they assert that they established liberty, so long as the slave system was maintained? How could there be anything approaching to liberty, in a country where man held property in man—where the slaveholder held such a power over his fellow-creature, as that he could commit, with impunity, against him, any outrage—when he could lash him, and torture him, and when he could even shoot him, without the fear of being brought to an account for his actions? Was that not giving the lie to every profession they made of the principles of liberty? Should they not be reminded of the principles of liberty by which they professed to be guided, and shown how far they departed from them? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The slaves were put in the position of chattels—they were accountable, beings, and yet they were made only accountable to their masters, and not to God, for their actions and conduct. (Hear.) They were, in fact, treated as brutes among men. Every principle of social life was violated—the members of the same family were sent away, never to see each other again; and was not that a condition of things that every man, and that every Christian, should hold up his hands, and exclaim against. (Hear.) It was still more extraordinary to him, that any persons, who professed to be friends of religious principles, either as laymen or clergymen, could tolerate or justify such a system as that of Slavery. (Loud cheers.) He would ask, how any clergyman could go into the pulpit, and read the doctrines of Christ, and avoid denouncing, as an iniquity, the system of Slavery. (Hear, hear.) Could it be maintained, that the blacks were a race not entitled to the favor of the Almighty? Would they maintain that the Almighty made distinctions between the black race and the white? Surely, such a principle could not be maintained by any who professed to be guided by the principles of Christianity. He would refer such persons to the Words of the Scriptures themselves. Peter, in the Acts of the Apostles, says,—"God has showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean—of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but, in every nation, he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him." Let the white men not attempt to treat the black men as if they were not their equals. Let them learn a lesson from the gentleman beside him. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) He asked, was not the black man fit to stand on an equality with the white? (Renewed cheering.) There was one in his own person, a proof to them and to the world, that when the black man was placed under circumstances in which his energies could be called forth, he could be placed on a par with white men, and rank superior to many. (Great cheering.) Could any clergyman go into the pulpit, and repeat that beautiful production of the Lord's prayer, and continue the practices that were the usual mode of proceeding towards the slave? How could he, who mercilessly lashed his slave, whether guilty of offence or not, repeat that particular precept—"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us?" (Hear.) Was not the man who flogged his slave, and made that prayer, calling down the curses of God upon himself? (Loud cheers.) How could he read the injunction, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," and continue the slave system? (Renewed cheering.) Such appeared to him to be the astonishing inconsistencies of the people of America, both as regarded their political and religious opinions. But, why should they not have adopted the British principle? It was because, before their Constitution was established, Slavery had existed in the American States; and that proved to them how man was corrupted by being permitted to hold irresponsible power. He must say, with grief, that the slaveholders of America tended to give grounds for the allegations which had been made against democracy—that the people, when they held irresponsible power, were the greatest tyrants on the earth. (Cheers.) Every one there knew that he (Mr. S. Crawford) was the friend of democratic principles, as far as they could be made consistent with monarchical government. But he would not, on that account, screen those who are Democrats, and who acted against the principles of democracy. There never was any country that did such injury to the principles of democracy as America did by her support of the Slave-Trade (Cheers.) As an honest supporter of democratic principles, he felt it his duty to denounce them, in the strongest terms his voice could utter. It was the greatest bulwark of Slavery, and gave countenance to other countries, in upholding that system. (Hear.) As long as the slave system was kept up, there would ever be a slave trade. As long as there was a slave market, there would be a slave trade—as long as there was money to be got by them, there would be slaves. It was their duty to reprobate the system, in every way in their power—to try, by raising up their voices against them, to induce those countries which continued the slave system to abolish it. (Hear, hear.) There was no other way by which the sufferings of the slave could be remedied—no other way than by raising the moral power of the public mind against it. If the Americans were deaf to the Bible, to the suggestions of the spirit of liberty and religion, it was their duty to try to shame them out of the system—to let them know that they were reprobated by Christian men. (Loud cheers.) He trusted that the voice of that assembly might pass over the Atlantic, and reach some of those States that kept up the iniquitous practice. A voice from Ireland had reached those States, and they felt sore at the castigation they had received. (Cheers.) Let them hope that, even from that humble meeting, a voice might reach them, and that they might know that that great and respectable portion of the town of Belfast, which he saw before him, reprobated their conduct, and demanded the freedom of the slave. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) He (Mr. S. Crawford) had now endeavored briefly to state to them his views and feelings; and he trusted, that he had not altogether been an insufficient expositor of the views entertained by themselves. (Cheers.) He should not now detain them longer from the particular object of the meeting, which was to do honor to their guest, Mr. Douglass. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

The Rev. Mr. Nelson then rose; and, after a few introductory observations, read an address to Mr. Douglass, and presented him with a beautifully gilt Bible, in rich binding, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented, by the Belfast Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, to Mr. Frederick Douglass, a fugitive slave, from the United States of America, in testimony of their admiration of the several eloquent lectures which he delivered, in Belfast, on American Slavery, in December, 1845, and, also, as a tribute of respect and esteem for his personal character. The Committee hope that he may be long enabled, in the strength of the Lord, to persevere in the noble cause in which he is engaged; and, by the torch of Divine truth, to expose all who attempt to defend or palliate Slavery. When far separated, they trust, that the possession of this Bible will remind him, that, in Belfast, there are many who sympathize with those who are in bonds, and who are, also, the personal friends and well-wishers of Mr. Frederick Douglass. Signed, by order, and in behalf of the Committee, JAMES STANDFIELD, F. A. CALDER, Honorary Secretaries. Belfast, 6th January, 1846."

Mr. Douglass then said—It would be useless for me to attempt to conceal my embarrassment, in rising to respond to the eloquent and highly complimentary address, together with the golden gift with which I have just been presented, by the Belfast Anti-Slavery Society. (Cheers.) I am unequal to the work; my feelings are too deep, too strong, too big for easy utterance. I have often, in the course of my short, though not uneventful life, been called on to respond, in accents of warm and heartfelt gratitude, for noble deeds and generous favors conferred upon me, by the magnanimous friends of my long-enslaved and deeply-outraged fellow-countrymen, but never have I been more at a loss for language to fulfil that duty, than on the present thrilling and interesting occasion. (Applause.) The incidents of this morning will form a period in my humble history—a period to which, with all my hopes and aspirations, I never looked forward; but one to which, while memory holds its place, I shall ever look back with the most grateful emotion. I accept, thankfully, this Bible; and, while it shall have the best place in my house, I trust, also, to give its precepts the best place in my heart. (Loud applause.) The happy incidents of this morning have called into remembrance some of my early struggles after knowledge, and the difficulties that then lay in the way of its attainment. I remember the first time I ever heard the Bible read; and I tell you the truth, when I tell you, that from that time, I trace my first desire to learn to read. I was over seven years old; my master had gone out one Sunday night, the children had gone to bed, I had crawled under the centre table, and had fallen asleep, when my mistress commenced to read the Bible, so loud that she waked me—she waked me to sleep no more! I learned that the chapter which she then read was the 1st chapter of Job. I remember my sympathy for the good old man; and my great anxiety to know more about him led me to ask my mistress—who was, at this time, a kind lady—to teach me to read. She commenced, and would have, but for the opposition of her husband, taught me to read. She ceased to instruct me; but my desire to read continued, and, instead of decreasing, increased; and, by the aid of little boys, obtained at different times, I finally succeeded in learning to read. (Applause.) After learning to read, my desire for books was equal to my early desire to learn how to read. I have frequently, with my fingers, from the mud and filth of the gutter, raked leaves of the sacred volume. These I have washed and dried, and read the words of heavenly wisdom which they contained with a glad heart, considering myself fortunate to enjoy such a privilege. I trust I shall not be deemed presumptuous or egotistical when I say, that, from my present position, I see points in my humble history marked by the finger of God. (Cheers.) Twenty years ago, while lying, not unlike a pet dog, at the feet of my mistress, in her house, in Philpot street, Fell's-point, Baltimore, I was roused from the sweet sleep of childhood, to hear the narrative of Job. A few years afterwards found me searching for the Scriptures in the muddy street gutters, and rescuing its pages from the filth into which neglect and wastefulness had plunged them. A few years later, I escaped from my chains, gained partial freedom, and became an advocate for the emancipation of my race. A suspicion arose that I was not what I profess to be; to silence which, it is necessary to write out my experience in Slavery, and give the names of my enslavers. This endangers my liberty. Persecuted, hunted, and outraged in America, I have come to England, and behold the change! The chattel becomes a man. I breathe, and I am free. (Applause.) Instead of culling the Scriptures from the mud, they come to me dressed in polished gold, as the free and unsolicited gift of devoted friends. (Applause.) I will take it, and while I live, preserve it; and long after I have gone hence to my reward, if my will is carried out, it shall be preserved by my children, and remain a memento in the house of Douglass till time shall melt it into dust. (Applause.) I assure you, gentlemen of the Committee, you have selected a proper mode of expressing your regard for me. What could be better than the Bible to me, contending against oppression, fraud, and wrong? (Applause.) It is full of wisdom and goodness—faith, hope, and charity, sparkle on every page, all of which deal death to Slavery. An attempt has been made to press the Bible into the service of Slavery. The abolition party, in America, find no more determined opponents of the cause which they advocate, than the expounders of the Word of God. That, to this audience, might appear strange; but such is the fact. I thank God that a change for the better is taking place; a purer and higher grade of men are finding their way into the Ministry, and brighter days are beginning to dawn upon my country. You could not have given to me a token so appropriate as this Bible. It contains all that is right, and is opposed to all that is wrong. It knows no one by the color of his skin. (Applause.) It treats all alike; and says to all, "Whatever you would that men should do unto you, do you so unto them." If you claim liberty for yourself, then grant it to your neighbor. I found myself standing [illegible] with the change in my circumstances; only a few months ago, I was in a land where I was hated and abhorred—where the blood-hound might have been put on my track, and I have been hunted down and carried back into Slavery. I left that land, and in eleven and a-half days I set my foot on British soil, and was free. (Applause.) I now find myself surrounded by kind friends, the very expression of whose countenances beam with sympathy, such as I never expected to meet with, and which has quite overcome and unmanned me. (Cheers.) I could expose Slavery in the midst of those who would uphold it—I could contend for the great principles of liberty in the face of the most determined opposition, but I am not equal to address those whose sympathy has been excited for my race, and who have showed me so much kindness. (Applause.) I will always remember the people of Belfast, and the kind friends I now see around me; and wherever else I feel myself to be a stranger, I will remember I have a home in Belfast. (Applause.) I will look forward with pleasure to the day which will find me among you again—(cheers)—and, in the meantime, you shall hear from me, wherever my lot may be cast. (Applause.) Let me thank you, with my whole heart, for the address and the beautiful present you have made me, as well as for the deep interest you have taken in the cause of the wronged and oppressed slaves of America. You have discharged your duty nobly, and as Christians should do. When I came a stranger among you, I was taken by the hand; and, I may say, my hand has been held throughout. The Committee have labored, in season and out of season, to give effect to my feeble efforts for the emancipation of my race. Without the Committee I could have done nothing; to them all the praise is due. Once more, accept my thanks for all the kindness I have experienced at your hands; and I bid you all farewell, until I shall meet you again in July. (Loud cheers.)

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. Standfield, Rev. Mr. Nelson, and others.

The Rev. Mr. Nelson moved that a number of ladies, with power to add to their number, should form a Belfast Auxiliary Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society.

LETTER FROM JAMES HAUGHTON.

The numbers of the London Inquirer, which contain the articles to which the following letter of James Haughton is a reply, have not reached us. They are not needed, however, to understand the grounds of the discussion, or to awaken interest in Mr. Haughton's letter:—

To the Editor of the Inquirer:

DEAR SIR:—The deep interest which attaches to the question of Slavery is my excuse for again addressing you on the subject; and perhaps you will consider me entitled to the privilege of a reply to my somewhat ungentle opponents. I do not complain of them because of their severity of language, for those who are in earnest will express themselves strongly. I only allude to it because they complain of my strong language, which they seem to me to retort with heavy interest. I do not believe it is the words we use which usually give offence, but that it is the truths we give utterance to which excite the opposition of wrong-doers. When this idea occurs to me, the gentle Dr. Follen is brought to my mind. His opposition to sin and tyranny was honest and true, but his rebukes were conveyed in language devoid of asperity. Yet, because they were uncompromising, he was hated by the enemies of freedom, in his native land, with an intense hatred; and, in America, he was persecuted by slaveholders and guilty quietists respecting their infernal system, with an untiring and unchristian animosity, as relentless as any dislike they manifest towards those who denounce their crimes in the most indignant language. I have no wish to use language unnecessarily harsh and severe when speaking of slaveholders, or of their abettors; I am not conscious that I do so. The one hundred and seventy signers of the noble document lately given to the world by Unitarian ministers, declare,—and they declare God's truth,—that "he who makes a man a slave commits the greatest possible robbery and the greatest possible wrong." I can, therefore, have no sympathy with "A Lover of Justice and Charity;" neither can I yield him any title to the signature he assumes, when he says, of immediate and unqualified emancipation, "This may be right, or it may not; I have my doubts;"—nor when he talks of "heaping terms of infamy *indiscriminately upon all* unfortunate slave-owners, scores and hundreds of whom yield not to any in kindness of heart, in TRUE humanity of disposition, and in GENUINE uprightness of Christian character and life." If these attributes be applicable to men-stealers, then it is not true that they are "guilty of the greatest possible robbery, and the greatest possible wrong;" nor is it true, as Jefferson declared, that "God has no attribute which can take part with the slaveholder." What does "A Lover of Justice and Charity" mean by calling a man a slave-OWNER;—he is a robber, and, therefore, cannot be an OWNER. Unfortunate, I grant him to be, and I pity him; and if I saw him in earnest in endeavors to free himself and his country from their guilt, I would most cordially hold out to him the hand of fellowship. But American slaveholders are making no such efforts; they are, on the contrary, deepening their infamy by horrible acts,—acts, alas! but too successful, done avowedly for the perpetuation of human abasement. The annexation of Texas to their Union is indeed an act of wickedness which unveils the heartlessness of slaveholders in a manner not to be mistaken. "A Lover of Justice and Charity," in condemning what he considers denunciatory language on the part of Abolitionists, condemns the slaveholders himself in the strongest possible terms; for he allows that they know so well their system is indefensible, that it would, in all probability, have been, "ere now, abolished in more than one Southern State," but for the intemperance of Abolitionists;—thus telling the criminals whom he is defending, that they "*are false to their own convictions of duty,*" in order to prove that they cannot be coerced into doing an act of justice; and then *human nature*—which, in plain English, means that the Almighty has so constituted his creature, man, that he *must* do wrong, and has no *power* to do right—is appealed to as a justification or an excuse for continued iniquity. Why is it, my dear Sir, that so much sympathy is given to the man-stealer, while the poor sheep-stealer is denounced by all, and consigned to a dungeon? Why is it that the pirate on the high seas is looked upon as a common nuisance, and as the enemy of his race, while the bland and courteous Southern planter, who deliberately breeds human beings for sale, who ruthlessly sunders the marriage tie,—who tears families asunder as if they had no human affections,—who drags the baby from its mother's breast, and treats it like the offspring of a soulless brute,—is taken to our homes, and to our affections, as a brother and a friend? Why is it that we pity him when he is denounced, and held up to deserved infamy, so long as he continues his wicked practices, and that we have no tear to shed for his victim? We hold out our hands to shield from the hurt of censure the 300,000 enslavers of 3,000,000 of our brothers and sisters, who are hourly, and daily, and yearly, and for their whole lives, subjected to

"The lash of the harsh overseer."

And when the inalienable rights of humanity are demanded for these, out comes "A Lover of Justice and Charity," and an "Amicus," to tell the friend of the oppressed, and the brother who must be dumb as regards his own sorrows, and who is forced to wear a smile in the presence of his oppressor, that he must pick and choose his phrases, and not let slip a word unsavory in the ears of him who lives in the midst of luxury—but also in the midst of fears and horrors, conjured up by a guilty conscience—(witness the savage laws of slaveholders everywhere)—on the unrequited toil of his brother, whom he looks upon as an article of merchandise. I am sorry that any man is to be found willing to palliate this infamous system. I am sorry that an Englishman is to be found willing to oppose my weak and very humble efforts to arouse, and to deepen, and to strengthen, the sympathies of the religious body to which I belong, and, through them, of the whole world; and to find fault with me because I do not express my abhorrence of slaveholders, and of pro-slavery feeling, in silken language. I cannot do so. I will not do so. I hope I am not uncharitable; I hope there is love in my heart for all men. But do these feelings demand of me to be the associate of men-stealers? or am I to be branded as lacking these qualities, because I tell them that they are "guilty of the greatest possible robbery, and the greatest possible wrong;" and that I act towards them in accordance with these feelings, while they persist in this guilt? I am indeed doubtful that man is authorized to punish his brother severely for any crime he may commit; but as holding men in slavery creates every crime that can be named, from the smallest up to those of the deepest dye it ought to be held in the deepest detestation. As holding men in slavery is a great sin, so, palliating such a system is highly criminal; it soothes the conscience of the wrong-doer, and it renders public sentiment impure. This is clearly the case in America.

"A Lover of Justice and Charity" is in error when he supposes that I condemn Dr. Dewey, Dr. Parkman, and others, because they differ from me in opinion as to the best mode of getting rid of Slavery. I quarrel with no man on that account. But I do condemn them, because they are known in their own country as men who throw the weight of their influence in the pro-slavery scale. They are ministers of the Gospel, and yet they neither preach nor write against stealing, and buying, and selling men. They do not deny the name of Christian to men who deal in the bodies of their brethren, and who exert all their ingenuity to enslave their souls too; on the contrary, they discountenance every exertion that is made by the Abolitionists to set all men free, by creating a purer and holier public sentiment in their country. I ask, what have these men done to "undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free?" In an address delivered by Dr. Dewey, soon after his return home from England, on the subject of "American Morals and Manners," he throws the whole weight of his influence into the pro-slavery scale. When Dr. Parkman was at my house, all his conversation ran in the same style; he excused the slaveholders in every way he could, and he found fault with the Abolitionists of *all sections*. I did not see any use in quite with any of them; I was desirous of him, as a Christian minister, that he should do *something, actively* and *openly*, for the slave. I could not discover that he was willing to do anything but talk gently (so very gently, indeed, as not to cause a ripple on the mind of the most sensitive) of the evils of Slavery, and complain of every effort that was made for its overthrow. These eminent men visited England, they were received with hospitable kindness, and no word of rebuke whispered in their ears on account of their being

"Cold to the cries of God's poor."

I am sorry they were not more faithfully dealt with. In proof of their continual antipathy to the anti-slavery movement in their country, their names are not to be found among the 170 signers of the noble protest I have before alluded to. To say that such men are anti-slavery would be untrue; and I have no doubt they disclaim the title in their own country. It is true they profess to love liberty; but to claim freedom for the negro, and to condemn the unchristian treatment of their colored brethren in the free States, is made no part of their business. They carefully avoid doing these things, because "it would injure their usefulness as Christian ministers." What sort of Christianity is it that Unitarians in Boston are willing to hearken to, when an exhortation to them to claim the immediate freedom of the slave in the Southern States, and a recommendation to them to take their colored brethren in the North kindly by the hand, would be distasteful, and must be avoided by preachers who would please men rather than God? "A Lover of Justice and Charity" is displeased with me, for accusing men of being "false to their own convictions of duty." In so doing, I do not make my own convictions the standard for other men. I take all on their own principles. The Christian cannot be a slaveholder, for he professes to believe that he should "do to others as he would that others should do to him." Therefore, he is false to his own conviction, when he holds men as slaves, or when he palliates the acts of those who do. But I go further than this, and I maintain that every man, be he Christian or not, is false to his own convictions of duty, who acts so, and for this reason. The instincts of our nature are in opposition to Slavery. No man can buy, or sell, or hold a man as a chattel, without *knowing* that he is "guilty of the greatest possible robb

nake good their boasts. It may not come on this issue of Annexation, but it requires no gift of prophecy to see that a little more tightening of the chain, and a little more bargaining ere its new fastenings are riveted, and such men as Giddings will be hailed as the only true patriots, and men like Winthrop, and Lawrence, and Appleton, will stare aghast to see that men have found out at last that factory-stock is of less value than Freedom, and that the rights of the North means something more than a high Tariff.—G.

J. E. Snodgrass of the Baltimore Visiter.

Although the recent attempt to muzzle the press in Maryland, has signally failed, it is not probable that the slaveholders will rest contented without a further struggle. It is not in the nature of things that they should do so. Their power is at stake, and they know that to hazard a pitched battle between Slavery and Freedom, is certain defeat to them. There is no doubt that the persecution to which Dr. Snodgrass, as a pioneer in Anti-Slavery, has to submit, is but just begun, not ended.

The way in which Dr. Snodgrass has met the attack upon him, is an earnest of his determination to keep in the path upon which he has entered. He has not yielded in any way to the demands of his enemies, nor conceded one iota of his rights, nor compromised his principles in the slightest degree. On the contrary, the attempt to overawe and crush him, has only made him the more firm, and confirmed him in his course.

We may have the greater hope of Dr. Snodgrass because he is not a politician. I am not one of those who think that politics are essentially bad, or that a man cannot be a good man and a politician at the same time. But demagogueism, and the low ambition for political power, has so grown into fashion, that an avowed politician, who becomes the advocate of any moral enterprise, is generally, and when he strives to connect it with his party, often very justly, suspected of selfish motives. This is particularly true in a cause like ours. The question of Slavery is so involved with the civil institutions of this country, that it must necessarily come somewhat into the consideration of parties, and the time will come—indeed it has already—when it may be made a hobby on which to ride into power. The great danger is, that it may be found so convenient a hobby that the party riding it may forget the reason they gave for mounting. Dr. Snodgrass does not appeal to any particular party for the abolition of Slavery, but to the good men of all parties, and labors to awaken the minds of the whole people to its necessity, on the score both of morality and expediency.

He is, moreover, an Abolitionist in the highest sense of the term. Anti-Slavery, with him, does not mean simply the defence of the political rights of the North, or opposition to the political preponderance of the slave-power. These are of great importance, but lie does not forget that there is a still higher aspect of the Anti-Slavery cause. He does not say, with C. M. Clay: "By Heavens! this is no longer a question about Africans—whether they be beasts or men? a debate about *maudlin philanthropy!* but whether *we*, the *eighteen millions of white men* of these States, shall be freemen or slaves!" But in that spirit of Christianity in which the Anti-Slavery enterprise had its origin, and which is still its chief glory, he remembers that the black man is oppressed and degraded—that to three millions of slaves every right of humanity is denied.

From a letter from Dr. Snodgrass to the Pennsylvania Freeman, we copy the two following paragraphs. They alone should command for him the sympathy and regard of Northern Abolitionists:

It is, after all, the *spirit* of Slavery that I most abhor. It is a barrier to all human progress. It denies real *manhood* to man. It forbids even the poor privilege of helping oneself. It says, "God may have made you after his own image, and enstamped the signet of immortality on your soul, but you shall wear it not! In my keeping shall it be, lest it cause you to think of your origin, and you come to think yourself as good as me!" But I say—nay! Each and every one of God's children has a right to a fair struggle for immortality, and this luckless race, oh! ye self-constituted sovereigns, shall not, with my consent, remain degraded forever! They have a claim to an equal share of God's bounties, and a clear right to advance in the scale of humanity, and shall, at any rate, not blame my silence for the perpetuity of the wrongs under which their undying spirits groan.

I am not one of those who prate that it is chiefly for the sake of the *whites*, that they war against Slavery. While I cannot be insensible to the interests of my own race, and clearly see how deeply it would be blessed by the removal of this curse of curses upon our fair Southern clime, I must be candid, and say that my anti-slavery has grown out of my humanity, my sympathy with the wronged. It will be time enough to reckon the good results, after the deed of justice shall have been done. And I hardly need assure you, that I believe the result to Maryland—for it is especially my province to think of her—would be glorious. My heart leaps for joy at the very thought! And it will be enough for me to reflect, in after years, that I had been ever so humble a pioneer in the strife which made the land of Calvert truly free!

A Confession.

The Emancipator, referring to the position of the Liberty party in this State, says:

"We are sorry, and somewhat surprised that the question has arisen; for we understand it to be a part of one general compact that we were to stick to our independent organization in all places, and not forego it for the sake of a local advantage in regard to any one of the *incidentals* of Slavery that may come in question in the strife of parties. *This is the rule by which we voted in regard to Texas*—and it seems to us the only rule that can establish mutual confidence as to render permanent our unity as a party."

The Emancipator may well be sorry that the question has arisen, for it deeply concerns the integrity of the party in this State. But we wish to call attention, particularly, to the clause which we have marked by italics. It seems to us a confession which we hardly expected from so shrewd a paper as the Emancipator, as it is an acknowledgment that in the last presidential election, "one of the *incidentals* of Slavery" was concerned, which the Liberty party disregarded for the sake of adhering to their own nominations. By this, we can only understand that they permitted Annexation to take place, when, by their votes, they could have prevented it. We have always supposed their ground to be—and have so maintained it, notwithstanding we have no great love for, nor faith in them—that they voted as they did, because they had not confidence enough in either party to warrant them in supposing that either would prevent the consummation of the Texas iniquity. Have we been right in this supposition? or does the Emancipator now mean to say, that their only principle was to adhere to their party nominations, believing all the while, that if they did not, the annexation of Texas would be prevented? Will the Emancipator answer?

"Contented and Happy."

The New Orleans Delta publishes the following account of a revolt, on Friday, the 13th instant, on the plantation of Hewitt, Heran & Co. near New Orleans. What extremity of suffering and wrong must these poor creatures have endured, to rouse them to so hopeless an effort for their liberty. But even in the far Southwest, where the position of the slaves is most isolated, and where, it is supposed, they are the most imbruted, they prefer death to Slavery:

SLAVE REVOLT ON A LOUISIANA PLANTATION.

On Friday morning an insurrection of the negroes took place on the plantation of Messrs. Hewitt, Heran & Co. about ten miles below the city, on the line of the Mexican Gulf Railway. As far as we can gather from the various statements afloat, we believe the following particulars are as correct as can be obtained at present. A negro man belonging to Mr. Hewitt had been refractory for sometime past, for which he was threatened with punishment. On Friday last, about noon, he committed another fault and became abusive. The overseer ordered him to be whipped, and called the driver to lay him down by force for that purpose. The negro replied to this that no white man should ever whip him and live. This appeared to be the signal for an outbreak, for the driver then refused to perform his duty. The overseer finding himself powerless and in danger, went for assistance to the adjoining plantation of Mr. Sydney Story, and returned with Mr. Batts, his overseer, each being armed. On entering the plantation, they found the negroes, about seventy in number, had quit their work, and many of the men were grouped together, as if in consultation. The two overseers approached, and demanded of them to return to their work forthwith, or all should be punished. Just at this moment Mr. Story entered, having a sword cane in his hand.

The overseers had scarcely ceased speaking when the negro driver bid them defiance, and, calling to the others, he shouted, "Now let us kill them all—Liberty or Death!" Here a general melee commenced, and each of the whites were wounded by the hoes which the negroes used. Mr. Batts was clinched by the driver, when Mr. Story drew the sword from his cane and stabbed the latter, but he would not let go his hold, and the other overseer then fired, and shot him dead on the spot. The cars coming in sight at this time on their way up, means were taken by the wife of the overseer and some others to stop them. Fortunately six or seven hunters, with their fowling pieces, were returning to town, and went to the aid of Mr. Story and the two overseers. With their assistance the revolt was checked, and several of the negroes fled from the plantation, some of them badly wounded; and one was killed as he was aiming a second blow at one of the last named party. The women and children in the neighborhood were gathered together very speedily, placed in the cars for safety, and sent up to town. Yesterday all the planters of that section formed themselves into a court of investigation, and ordered every male negro on Messrs. Hewitt, Heran & Co.'s plantation to be severely flogged, which sentence was carried into immediate effect. We learn farther that some seven or eight of the ringleaders are still in the woods.

We omitted to state that Mr. Story brought twenty of his hands with him to aid, if necessary, in tying down the first offender and the driver; and when the affray commenced they did good service in protecting their masters.

We give these details as we heard them.

A New Slave-Trade.

We had thought that when the slaves were dead, that then they were done with;—that their masters would let the poor worn-out bodies rest in peace at last in their graves. They are buried out of sight, we know, more like dead dogs than human beings, unknelled, and uncoffined, but the poor privilege to "lie in cold obstruction and to rot," at least we thought was not denied them. But a slave's body it is said, is not without its money-value, even when the soul can no longer be bought and sold. The poor carcases, if no longer capable of being worked up into cotton and sugar, can be used for scientific purposes, and so are shipped off for the North in hogsheads to finish their usefulness in this world, in the dissecting-room. This new branch of the slave-trade is said to be quite flourishing and profitable in the winter season. There is a sort of horrible fitness in such a final disposition of the human chattel—stolen in the cradle, robbed, starved, whipped, branded, and imbruted, through life, and when dead, packed up in salt, shipped Northward, and sold for the benefit of science!

The Bugle in Error.

Our friends of the Ohio Bugle, are mistaken in their correction of the Cincinnati Herald, as to the abolition of Slavery in St. Domingo. It was not abolished by law in that island, until the blacks had effectually emancipated themselves by their own good right arms; and the French Commissioners then made a virtue of necessity, that Toussaint, and his brave followers, might be brought to strengthen the Republican party against the Royalists, and a most effective opposition be made to the threatened invasion of the British. It is true that civil war again broke out, when, in 1801, Le Clere attempted to re-enslave the blacks, but they had then been free for nearly ten years.

The Bugle is not alone, however, in this error. The same assertion I often heard made by Anti-Slavery lecturers, and an argument built upon it, when the simple fact, that Slavery was virtually abolished by forcible revolution in St. Domingo, is stronger for our purpose, than if the reverse were the truth. The war the slaves of that island waged, was a just one, if there ever was a just war, and such must be the result eventually in this country, unless prevented by the peaceable efforts of the Abolitionists.

Charles T. Torrey.

The Baltimore Visiter publishes the petition of Mrs. Torrey, and another signed by a number of gentlemen in Massachusetts: among whom are the Speaker of the House of Representatives, the President of the Senate, members of both branches of the Legislature, a Judge of the Supreme Court, two of the Court of Common Pleas, Ex-Governors, Lincoln and Davis, and many others of high standing. The petitioners invoke the clemency of the Governor in behalf of the prisoner in consequence of his failing health. Dr. Gibson, the physician of the Penitentiary, certifies "that Charles T. Torrey, is in a condition of ill health, calculated to authorize the presumption that he will not live a great while longer. The symptoms are those of incipient consumption."

The following extracts from Mrs. Torrey's petition, presents the reasons which she urges upon the Governor for the pardon of her husband. It hardly seems possible that, under such circumstances, the petition will be refused:

In the first place, my husband admits that he assisted two slaves, who had previously run away, in their attempt to go to a free State. But their running away was without any knowledge or enticement on his part. There is no doubt the slaves belonged to Mr. Heckrotte, though my husband did not know to whom they belonged at the time. An arrangement has been made to satisfy Mr. Heckrotte for the loss of those slaves, by a compensation for them. Whatever my husband's or my own views of Slavery may have been, we do not, and shall not, deem it our duty, in any unconstitutional manner, to interfere with it. It has ever been a source of regret with me, that my husband thus took counsel of his feelings, rather than his judgment. I have never approved of the practice of the citizens of interfering with its laws; and should my request be granted, I feel authorized to give the fullest assurance, both to you, and the people of Maryland, that my husband will never visit your State for that purpose. The offence, though a violation of your criminal code, in the circumstances under which it was committed, I think you will admit, involves no moral guilt. But it was a sudden, rash, and imprudent yielding to his sympathies, regardless of the consequences to himself or others. For this act, my husband has already suffered six months incarceration in your gaol, and one year's imprisonment in your penitentiary. His health is failing—his mental faculties are impaired, and unless mercy is extended, he will die or become a maniac ere the term for which he is imprisoned shall have expired.

* * * * * * *

As a *wife*, whose heart bleeds with sorrow for one she loves, and whose happiness is involved in his; as a *mother*, whose little ones by her side, in their innocent inquiries for their beloved father, are constantly reminding her of her blasted hopes, I entreat you to grant me my request.

* * * * * * *

As you join your domestic circle, let my desolate heart be remembered, and as a magistrate, a husband, and a father, decide my destiny.

Justice to Dr. Wayland.

I received some time since a letter dated Hamilton, N. Y. from one of the Faculty of the College at that place, asserting that injustice had been done to Dr. Wayland, in an article which appeared some time before in the Standard, relative to his rejection of a colored man who had applied for admission into Brown University.—The writer of the letter speaks of the article as an editorial in the Standard, but I find on referring to our file that it was copied into our paper of November 26th, from the Practical Christian, a paper published by the Hopedale Association, at Milford, Massachusetts. The correction should therefore have been sent rather to that paper than to us; we cheerfully call the attention, however, of the "Christian" to the subject, that friend Ballard may ascertain, if he pleases, on what authority his correspondent, "A. Battles," brings the charge against Dr. Wayland, of rejecting the young man because he was colored.

Our Hamilton correspondent says: "Allow me then, to inform you that Job Townsend was once a member of the Academic department of the Institution in this place, and, on account of his color, was received with great cordiality by the Faculty, and was welcomed by the students. He was, however, soon expelled for immorality of the grossest kind." After hinting at the crime of which the young man was guilty, he proceeds: "Dr. Wayland was *fully informed of his character*. If he had at any time encouraged Townsend to expect admission to the University, it must have been before he had ascertained the *facts*, and this was a sufficient indication that he had no prejudice against him on account of his color. But after he was informed of the facts, what would you have him do? Will you not do him the justice to admit that he was *right* in refusing to expose the young men committed to his care, to the contagion of such a character?"

I have hesitated whether to say anything farther respecting this matter, than simply that Dr. Wayland had been misrepresented in the charge against him in the case of Townsend. But as Mr. Townsend has come, through his friend, before the public as the accuser, it is no more than just that the facts should be stated, and if he is injured by their being known, he can blame no one but himself in permitting a false charge to be made.

A REGENT'S GRAMMAR.—The Whig papers, and the organs of the opposition in the Democratic party, and their representatives in the Assembly, have been making themselves merry over the letter of Mr. J. L. O'Sullivan, in which he accepts the appointment of Regent of the University of New-York. Perhaps it would be well to present the new incumbent with a copy of Blair's Lecture's, on his induction into office. We subjoin the letter for the amusement of our readers:

NEW-YORK, February 5, 1846.

The Hon. Addison Gardner, Lieut. Governor of New-York:

SIR:—In addressing to you, as the presiding officer of the joint meetings of the Senate and Assembly, my acceptance of the office of Regent of the University, to which I receive the notification of having been appointed by the concurrent nominations of the two Houses of the Legislature on the 2d instant, I beg leave to express to those bodies, through you, my most grateful thanks for the too little merited honor thus conferred; together with my hope, by the most faithful attention to its duties, in my power, in some degree to compensate, in the future, for the deficiency of past desert.

Very respectfully,
J. L. O'SULLIVAN.

☞ THE NEW JERSEY FREEMAN takes in high dudgeon, our remarks on its request to the Pennsylvania Freeman, to give a notice of the meeting of the New Jersey Anti-Slavery Society. The editor denies that any one was ever gagged, or has ever "been denied the right to give their views" in any meeting of that society. Has he forgotten the vote passed at the August meeting, by which none were allowed to participate in its proceedings except Liberty party men, and that in the face of a protest from myself and others, who expressed a wish to give our views of Anti-Slavery duty? Has he forgotten that that vote was passed chiefly through the efforts of Alvan Stewart, who declared that it was too late in the day to discuss the "*elementary* questions" of Church and State, but occupied the whole evening, and part of the afternoon, in a discussion of those very questions when he was sure that by the vote all opportunity of reply was cut off? When your society, neighbor, is Anti-Slavery enough to permit free discussion, it will be time enough to ask for a notice from persons whose right of speech you deny.

THE CASE OF CAPTAIN FRISBIE.—The Sun says that Edward Dunstan, on a charge of abducting whom Captain Frisbie is now in jail in Montego Bay, is now in this city, and that the proper steps have been taken to place the matter in a proper light before the District Attorney, that the information may be sent in the right shape to the American Consul at Jamaica. Nothing is yet heard of the woman Rebecca Scarlett.

The Tribune, on the other hand, tells a story of a Captain Frisbie who married a lady of St. Michaels in '34, and afterward absconded with everything of value he could seize upon of hers, leaving her behind. If the Captain Frisbie now in prison at Montego Bay is the person here referred to, of course the story of his wife dying in Cincinnati, in 1837, is not true. But no doubt we shall know the whole truth by and bye. The man is in hands now from which he will not escape till his conduct has received a thorough investigation.

CONGRESS.—The Senate is busy listening to speeches on the Oregon question.

IN THE HOUSE.—A resolution has been offered by Mr. Campbell, of New-York, and adopted, instructing the Post Office Committee to inquire into the expediency of making the deputy postmasters elective by the people where the office is located.

Mr. Culver, of New-York, asked leave to introduce a bill repealing all laws which sanction or uphold Slavery in the District of Columbia. *Leave was refused.*

A bill has been passed on the 20th, fixing the mileage of members. "It allows eight dollars for every twenty miles travel between the residence of the member and the Capital, the distance to be computed by the nearest mail route by land; and where the distance is over twelve hundred miles, the mileage to be ten dollars for every one hundred miles over that distance. It also requires that each member, before drawing his mileage, shall file a certificate with the Clerk, that he has actually travelled the distance for which he claims mileage."

☞ At a Whig County Convention held at Syracuse, Onondaga county, on the 19th instant, the following resolutions were passed:

Equalizing and extending the inestimable Right of Suffrage, not as an act of sound policy, but as an act of justice to a long degraded and suffering race, and as a quiet and peaceable means of hastening the day of emancipation to millions of our fellow men, who, in this boasted land of Liberty, are toiling in chains, and smarting under the lash of oppression.

That we recognize as brethren all who subscribe to those doctrines, and cordially invite them, without respect to former political associations, to unite with us in engrafting them into the organic law.

☞ We call the attention of our readers to the document on our first page from the "Free Labor Advocate," relative to the course pursued by the deputation of the London Yearly Meeting to the Friends in Indiana. The whole history of our enterprise does not present a more flagrant instance of sectarian bigotry, or a more impudent and wicked attempt to check the growth of Anti-Slavery truth, than the conduct of these "foreign emissaries."

☞ SAMUEL BROOKE is informed that the books he wrote me for, or any information respecting them, are not to be had in this city.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The strong Anti-Slavery resolutions offered by Mr. Wilson, of Natick, in the Massachusetts Legislature, and which we published a week or two ago, the House refused to take from the table for consideration by a small majority. How much longer does Massachusetts mean to remain a slave State?

"THE CONNECTING LINK."—One Horace King, a slave, was recently emancipated by special enactment of the Legislature of Alabama. His freedom was given him as a reward for having constructed a valuable bridge at Wetumpka.

Recent Publications.

A Defence of Capital Punishment. By Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D. And an Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment, with special reference to the Penalty of Death; By Taylor Lewis, Esq. With an Appendix, containing a Review of Burleigh, on the Death Penalty. New-York. Wiley & Putnam.

Satan is the true patron saint of conservatives. He, above all other powers, strives most to keep things as they are; and, like our reverend men-hangers, war-chaplains, and law-loving doctors, is ever sighing after the good old times. The conservatives are his life-guardsmen. If any grinding, debasing, killing law is attacked, they are always ready to throw themselves into the breach which the battering-ram of truth makes in the citadel of error, to oppose the onward march of righteousness. The two doctors who have produced the book whose tremendous title we have given above, are types of the genuine conservatives. Nothing with them is evil that is old, and reform is only another name for sin; change, (not such as one puts in a purse,) is the flattest of burglaries, and opposition to existing law is infidelity to God.

The bitterness of feeling and disingenuousness of argument exhibited in the essays of these learned men-hangers, are inconceivable. They rave, and storm, and scold, like men whose dearest personal rights are in danger. So fearful do they seem of an abatement or total abolishment of our penal laws, that one can hardly help thinking that they enjoy some gallows-perquisite, like that of Jack Ketch. They are, indeed, as the magazine writers say, terribly in earnest. And yet they pretend to be moved by charity, but, like the jailer in Cymbeline, we exclaim,

"Oh! the charity of a penny Cord!"

Like another of Shakspeare's worthies, they seem to be ever calling out, "Get up, Master Barnadine, and be hanged!" We have no doubt that, like the English Judge, who never wept but once, they would cry over the winding up of the Beggars' Opera, when a reprieve is brought to Mackheath. They are willing "to marry a gallows and beget young gibbets," so much in love are they with the divine institution of hanging. "We are sure hanging is the way of winking," is an article of their creed; and nothing moves them like a perspective "desolation of jailers and gallowses."

Dr. Cheever is an amateur of the Cord and Cross-tree, but Taylor Lewis, Esq. has a wider grasp, and loves punishment *per se*. He bitterly regrets that the violaters of the seventh commandment are no longer subjects of the gallows, and has, evidently, never read the story of the woman who was brought before Jesus charged with this offence; or, if he has read it, he thinks our Saviour was moved by a false philanthropy in bidding her go and sin no more. All his arguments are in defence of the divinity of punishment. Somebody has said to him, "I will avenge, saith the Lord; vengeance is mine." But, he says, in imitation of Mr. Caudle, that has got nothing to do with it. People must be punished here, for fear that God should forgive them in the next world, and the law be cheated of its rights. This is the grain of wheat which his bushel of chaff contains. He and his reverend coadjutor are of those who "take it upon themselves to know." It cannot be said that they speak by book, for there is none, not even the book of Genesis, which authorizes them to speak as they do; but they speak like those who have authority, and show a magnificent contempt for logic and Christian ethics. The gentleman who writes Esq. at the end of his name is so entire an advocate for punishment, that he thinks an abuse of language "would almost seem to deserve a place in the list of statutable misdemeanors." (p. 13.) This is the most sensible thing in his Essay. We fully agree with the learned professor, and propose that the new Regent of the University be immediately charged to draw up an indictment against Taylor Lewis, Esq. for the following gross abuse of language, contained in the first chapter of his "Essay on the Ground and Reason of Punishment, with special reference to the Death Penalty:"

"It must be confessed that these are days of radical disquietude; and among all the disastrous signs of change, there is no one movement, perhaps, as specious in its appearance, and which combines so many errors—errors, too, which must vitally affect not only the temporary well-being, but the very existence of any established civil polity. It threatens, &c. &c. It professes, &c. &c. It claims," &c. &c.

We cannot afford space for the entire chapter from which this extract is made, but we assure our readers that it contains not the least clue to what that *one movement* is, which has struck the learned conservative with such peculiar horror. However, if he should be condemned to his much-loved mode of punishment for his gross abuse of language, we promise to get up a petition among the literati for his pardon, notwithstanding his partiality for the *lex talionis*, and the comprehensiveness of his judicial condemnation of every class of offenders which emulates that of Lord Thurlow, in the Rolliad:

"Damn them beyond what mortal tongue can tell,
Confound, sink, plunge them all to deepest hell!"

Both the D. D. and the Esq. have misnamed their Essays, for in the one we can find neither *ground* nor *reason* for punishment, excepting such as God himself inflicts; nor in the other nothing that can appear, to an unprejudiced mind, like a defence of Capital Punishment. Mr. Lewis's asserted reasons for punishment are, that it is divinely ordained, not for the reformation of the offender, nor for the security of society, but as an atonement for evil. Government, he asserts, is a divine institution, superior to the will of the governed, and any opposition to it by them is rebellion against God. This is something more austere than the Russian code of political morals, and the novelty of the proposition has led us to read the Essay with great care, but we have found therein neither argument nor authority for such monstrous doctrines. The learned author appeals to Plato, Pindar, and Blackstone, but it would have been better, for truth's sake, as well as for the sake of alliteration, to have substituted the name of Paley for that of Blackstone, for the latter expressly declares, in the first book of his Commentaries, that the people have the right to make their own Government, while Paley only allows the right on the score of expediency. There is not a Government on earth, of which we have any knowledge, that has not been placed in power by rebellion on the part of the people. Whatever divinity there might originally have been in the power which man exercised over man, there is clearly not a vestige of it left on earth now, and, according to Mr. Lewis's own argument, no individual can be bound in allegiance to any Government beyond what his own sense of justice may dictate. He is extremely partial to bringing the battering-ram of the argumentum ad absurdum to bear upon what he considers an absurdum argumentum, and it is the only argument fit to be employed in showing the absurdity of his own fallacies.

To any one who has the least religious feeling, or the faintest conception of the beauty of God's Law, it must sound terribly blasphemous to hear the imperfect, uncertain, ever-changing ever-hurtful laws of man called DIVINE. Yet Mr. Lewis asserts that man's law is divine, and has the temerity to appeal to Scripture for proof. But no proof is adduced. Our nation is composed of—we are afraid of naming the exact number of States for fear of error—a good many States; each has its peculiar laws, differing widely yet all divine, for the appellation cannot be withheld from any though they may be in direct conflict with each other. The laws of Texas and of Florida, which doom a majority of the inhabitants to eternal wretchedness, which deny food to the lambs of Christ, must be divine; the law of North Carolina, which condemns the thief, who pilfers enough to purchase a rope, to the gallows, and the laws of New Hampshire and Vermont which remit the death penalty for murder, are alike divine. As the Express said the other day of man, law is law, and according to Mr. Lewis it can neither be kicked nor cuffed out of its divinity. Our own individual opinion is that a drunken demagogue, of the Felix McConnell order, is about as capable of infusing a divine essence into law, as a committee of pedagogues are of infusing divinity into a sensual bigot by appending a pair of capital D's to the end of his name.

In the ninth chapter of Genesis, 4th verse, we find these words: "Flesh with the life thereof, *which is* the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." In the 6th verse of the same chapter we find these words: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

Can a reasoning being be guilty of greater inconsistency, not to say hypocrisy, than to pay not the slightest regard to the prior of these divine commands, while he contends with all his force of intellect, that the honor of God and the peace of mankind require that the second command shall be obeyed to the letter? For ourselves we think not. And remembering how recklessly Mr. Lewis applies the terms of hypocrite and fanatic to Mr. Burleigh, for presuming to find an argument against men-hanging in the Scriptures while he did not profess faith in their divinity, we cannot but marvel at the weakness of his reasoning, and his ungentlemanly and most unchristian denunciation of all those who conscientiously hold doctrines which conflict with his own terrible creed.

Dr. Cheever says that Christ himself not only sanctions hanging, but positively enjoins it. Flattering ourselves that we were well instructed in the life and precepts of Jesus, we scrutinized the reverend Doctor's argument with peculiar interest, for we could remember nothing that would bear such an interpretation. But it takes a Doctor of Divinity to pick proof out of the Bible.

"This pretence of humanity becomes one of unparalleled hypocrisy," says Dr. Cheever, "when it daringly attempts to array the spirit of Christ, in the New Testament, against the spirit of God in the Old. There is not only no contradiction, but a perfect accordance between the New Testament and the Old, on this point. (Hanging.) The law of Christ confirms this statute, and I repeat my assertion, that it is repromulgated under the form of Love in the Gospel. It is demonstrably deducible from the rule, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' How much do you love yourself? So much, that if a murderer were to set upon you, to kill you, you would kill him in self-defence. Then you are bound to do the same for your neighbor. If a murderer sets upon your neighbor to kill him, you are bound to defend your neighbor, by putting, if need be, the murderer to death. But the same law of love binds the Government to do this, especially when the community have to so great a degree relinquished this business of self-defence, in order that the Government may do it more effectually."

The mendaciousness of bigotry never before equalled this inconceivable blasphemy. The plainest precept of our Saviour, the one least liable, from its simplicity, to be misunderstood, is by this patent Divine perverted from its true and soul-healing meaning, and made to sanction one of the wretchedest mistakes of an age of barbarism and violence. Such shocking profanity gives a thrill of horror to the heart that no murder in the records of crime could ever do.

The grounds on which Dr. Cheever and Mr. Lewis advocate the death penalty are entirely incongruous. They cannot both be just, and we are puzzled to know why they were bound up together, for they are as destructive to each other as the two game cocks which were tied up in a bag by their owner, and killed each other before he got to the end of his journey. If the Doctor of Divinity is right, the Doctor of Laws is wrong. And vice versa. For ourselves, we consider them both wrong.—B.

Leigh Hunt's Italian Poets, in 3 parts, forming numbers 52, 53, 54, of the Library of Choice Reading.

We will let Posthumous pronounce judgment here.

"Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favors, so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why;
WHAT FAIRIES HAUNT THIS GROUND? A BOOK? O,
RARE ONE!"

Cymbeline, Act 5, Se. iv.

Mills' Logic. Harper & Brothers.

We cannot show our high opinion of this excellent work, which has already become a standard authority with scholars, in a more decided manner than to recommend its study to the "learned and painful" doctors whose essays in behalf of punishment we have just noticed above.—B.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Late from Europe.

By the arrival of the Cambria, at Roston, on Thursday of last week, we had late and important news from Europe, and which, no doubt, will be in the hands of most of our readers before our paper can reach them. It was brought by express for the Tribune, and some other papers, from Halifax to Boston, by way of Annapolis and Portland in 31 hours, but this great enterprise was beaten from Boston to this city by the Herald Express, that paper having got a monopoly of the Long Island Railroad.

The news of chief interest is from England. The Queen opened Parliament in person, on the 22d January, and from her speech, and from Sir Robert Peel, we learn the great and important change in the policy of Great Britain, and her desire to continue the friendly relations now existing with the United States. She abandons, partially, at present, and entirely in three years, her restrictive Corn Laws, and the protective policy generally, and sets the noble example of Free Trade to the world. Such, at least, is the proposition of the Ministry, and there can be no doubt, of course, that it will prevail.

The Government and people of Great Britain, are all desirous of settling the Oregon question peaceably; and, as the majority of the people of this country are of the same mind, it would be strange, indeed, if our Government should bring upon us a war.

Below we give a synopsis of the new Tariff, and some few items of general interest from Wilmer & Smith's European Times:

In lieu of the duties now payable on the importation of corn, grain, meal, or flour, there shall be paid until the 1st day of February, 1849, the following duties, viz:—

If imported from any foreign country—

WHEAT.

Whenever the average price of wheat, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be for every quarter

s.	s.		s.	d.
Under 48	the duty shall be for every quarter		10	0
48 — 49	ditto	ditto	9	0
49 — 50	ditto	ditto	8	0
50 — 51	ditto	ditto	7	0
51 — 52	ditto	ditto	6	0
52 — 53	ditto	ditto	5	0
53 and upward	ditto	ditto	4	0

[The duties on *Barley* and *Oats* are to be reduced in proportion.]

PROPOSED REDUCTION OF BRITISH DUTIES ON AMERICAN PRODUCTS.

	Previous duty.	*Reduced to.*
Bacon	14s per cwt	Free
Beef, fresh	8s per cwt	Free
" salted	8s per cwt	Free
Hay	16s per load	Free
Hides	2d per lb	Free
Meat	8s per cwt	Free
Pork	8s per cwt	Free
Buckwheat	——	1s per quar.
Butter	20s per cwt	10s per cwt
Candles—Tallow	10s per cwt	5s per cwt
Cheese	10s 6d per cwt	5s per cwt
Clocks	20 per cent	10 per cent
Hams	14s per cwt	7s per cwt
Hops	90s per cwt	45s per cwt
Indian Corn	heavy duty	1s per quarter
Rice	6s per cwt	1s per quarter
Tallow	3s 6d per cwt	1s per cwt

The use of diseased potatoes in Ireland by the destitute poor is becoming, as was expected, a frightful source of fever and disease. A fearful increase in the number of fever patients has taken place in the hospital of Fermoy.

Mr. Cobden has published an address to the farmers of England, on the proposition of Sir Robert Peel, relative to corn. His object is to convince them that it is better for their interests, in every point of view, to have the corn-laws repealed at once, instead of waiting for the ministerial term of three years.

The new policy of the United States, as indicated in the report of the American Secretary of State, has commanded much attention in the British Parliament. Sir Robert Peel spoke highly of the report in the great speech in which he introduced the new Tariff; and, subsequently, at the request of Lord Monteagle, the Government consented to reprint the document, and place it on the tables of both houses of Parliament—an honor which was probably never awarded to any similar document before. All these facts prove the desire which the British Government has to make our future relations with the United States as amicable and business-like as possible.

A letter from Rome, of the 26th ultimo, says that the nuts, which in that country are, like potatoes in the north of Europe, the principal food of the lower classes, have suffered from the same disease as the potatoes, and that scarcely one in ten is eatable. The grapes also have become already rotten, instead of remaining dry and fit for food until the end of February, as in ordinary times.

The New German Church.—It is stated that Ronge has entered into explanations of his views with some of the leading members of the sect of the *Licht Freunde*, or "Friends of Light." They have, in consequence, determined to unite themselves to the German Catholic Church. The Friends of Light hold ultra-liberal opinions on theological questions, and are more obnoxious to the German Governments than the German Catholic Church, from their views on political subjects being equally bold and free.

Mr. King, the American Minister at the Tuilleries, has been drawn into a correspondence with M. Guizot, for the purpose of rebutting a charge preferred against him by the *London Times*, of garbling the views of the French Government on the subject of Texas, and producing thereby the explosive missive in the President's Message, which has caused such a sensation in France, and such protracted discussions in the Chambers. Mr. King is sadly too thin-skinned; and he has not bettered his position by appealing, through M. Guizot, to the public against the strictures of a newspaper. A high Diplomatic functionary ought to be above this. The *Times* setorns to the charge, and scarifies Mr. King unmercifully. Mr. King's letter is rhetorical and inflated; that of M. Guizot brief, cold, and to the point. A press of matter has crowded out this correspondence, the comprehension of which would have been incomplete without the article from the *Times*, which provoked it, and also the rejoinder.

Miss Martineau has published a letter announcing her unshaken faith in Mesmerism, and her wonderful success in practicing it on others.

The guano used in the vineyards of Prince Metternich so deteriorated the quality of the wine that the plantations have been uprooted.

Later from Mexico.—By the arrival of the ship Norma, we have advices from Mexico to the 31st January. Paredes remains in undisturbed possession of power. All accounts of revolution to overthrow him, which date prior to the 31st January, are falsified by the intelligence received by the Norma. Up to that time no movement had been made against him.

General Items.

Slavery in Tunis.—"This (December 14) being the Ed Elkabeer, the great feast of the Mahomedans, all is again full of life. The Bey received, as usual, all the consuls and officers, military, civil, and ecclesiastical. A friend of mine, who was at the Bey's palace this morning, informed me that the gold and diamonds of which the epaulettes, ornaments, and decorations of the officers are composed, were estimated, the former at three cwt. and the latter at one bushel! No trifle for so small a State. Indeed, a French officer of some standing remarked that the appearance of the Bey's Court this morning surpassed in magnificence those of the great European Courts. The British Consul here is endeavoring to put down Slavery. The Bey has no inclination (nor would he be justified, if he had) to force his subjects to set at liberty the slaves now in their possession, provided they treat them well; but he has no scruple to give freedom to those poor slaves who have been cruelly handled by their masters. Thirteen unfortunate creatures have this day received their certificates of freedom at the hands of Sir Thomas. It is impossible to describe the joy they manifested when the paper was handed to them. Some threw themselves on the ground and actually kissed it. How sweet indeed is liberty! How many blessings did these hitherto unhappy beings call down upon the head of him who has been instrumental in procuring it for them! No one can have an idea but those who are on the spot how dear the names "English" and "England" have become to them. A friend of mine related to me a few days ago that, having asked an emancipated black man how he liked his liberty, "I know no one but Mahomed and the English Consul," was his reply. By this he meant to say that Mahomed procured his happiness in the next world, and the English Consul in this."—*Malta Mail.*

NOTICES.

HAMILTON LYCEUM.

A course of six Lectures will be delivered before the Hamilton Lyceum, at the Phœnix Hall, 592 Broadway, one door above Niblo's Garden, on various and interesting subjects, on Thursday evening of each week, commencing February 12.

3. Mr. S. V. BERRY—Physico-Astronomy, in connection with Natural Theology.
4. JOHN JAY, Esq.—"Moral Independence."
5. Dr. J. MCCUNE SMITH.
6. HORACE GREELY, Esq.

☞ Tickets for the Course will be afforded at the low price of 25 cents, and may be had of Messrs. John Peterson, 7 York street; Miller Pierce, Church street; Drug Store, 93 West Broadway; H. J. Johnson, 52 Wall street; R. Hamilton, Thomas street.

New-York, Feb. 12.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1845.	3.93¾ a 4 00	Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	36.00 a 38.00
Pearl	4.12½ a 4.25	do. American	35.00 a 37.00
CANDLES.		Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11	do. Russ. P. & I.	100.00 a 102.50
Sperm	26 a 28	do. do. N. Sable	90.00 a 97.50
Stearic do.	22 a 25	do. Swedes	87.50 a 90.00
COAL.		do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80

Poetry.

From the Dublin Nation.

CHARITY.

Keen blows December's whistling blast,
The gloom of eve is thickening fast,
And fast comes down the snow!
Oh! whither shall the friendless fly
For refuge from an angry sky,
To shield them here below!

Bereft of every stay but Heaven—
From home, from friends, from kindred driven,
From every dearest tie;
How many a loving pair brought low,
To drink the cup of bitterest wo—
In beggary to sigh.

No fault of theirs—some link that broke
In credit's chain, some sudden stroke
By fraud—by malice hurled,
A sweeping flood, devouring flame,
Or some harsh agent pouncing came,
And cast them on the world.

Let wild ambition's hirelings call
His minions to profusion's hall,
To squander wealth away;
Seduction sap, corruption bribe,
Some wretch amid the venal tribe,
His country to betray.

But thou to whom propitious Heaven,
A heart to feel and wealth has given,
Thy suffering brother save,
The good Samaritan be found,
Pour balm into the traveller's wound,
That journeys to the grave.

Be ears unto the deaf, and find
A lamp to guide the stumbling blind,
In darkness left forlorn;
The paralytic prop; and be
The friend to set the prisoner free,
By long confinement worn.

The naked clothe, the hungry feed;
By Heaven revealed, it is decreed,
A cup of water given—
If given to please the God of love—
Brings down a blessing from above,
Is registered in Heaven.

The shipwrecked mariner console,
By tempest tost from pole to pole,
And plundered on thy shores,
Who, far from country, far away
From every friend, from every stay,
Thy sympathy implores.

All are thy brethren, all, like thee,
Composed of dust, but hope to see
The Lord of Earth and Heaven;
The blessings here to them denied,
Forever lost to thankless pride,
Will there to them be given.

The great accounting day will come,
When every faithless steward dumb,
Must feel compunction's thorn,
And weeping angels shall behold
How cursed lust of damning gold
Provoke's Jehovah's scorn.

LIMERICK. T. H.

From the Union.

ENDURANCE.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongues commit,
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit;
The scornful bearing of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what you are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

But, when the friends in whom your trust
Was steadfast as the mountain rock,
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
Before misfortune's whirlwind shock;
Nor love remains to cheer your fall,
This is more terrible than all.

But, even this and these—aye more,
Can be endured, and hope survive;
The noble spirit still may soar,
Although the body fails to thrive;
Disease and want may wear the frame—
Thank God! the soul is still the same.

Hold up your head, then, man of grief,
Nor longer to the tempest bend;
Or soon or late must come relief;
The coldest, darkest night, will end;
Hope in the true heart never dies!
Trust on—the day-star yet shall rise.

Conscious of purity and worth,
You may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth;
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still Heaven, at last, the wrong shall right.

HOLLY SPRINGS, (Miss.) November, 1845.

From the Liberty Bell.

SONNET IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH FRY.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

"In prison and ye visited me."

Throughout all earth, adown all coming time,
Where'er the Gospel's promises are heard,
There shall the human heart be thrilled and stirred
By the remembrance of a love sublime,
That, blotting out long years of grief and crime,
Forever glorified one woman's name.
Friend of the prisoner! shall not thy sweet fame,
Like that of Mary, reach to every clime?
It was not thine to pour rich perfumes down
Before the very presence of thy Lord;
But, in the poor, the outcast and abhorr'd,
Shrinking beneath the world's unpitying frown,
Thou didst the image of thy Saviour see:—
Shall He not say, "thou didst it unto me?"

WEYMOUTH, Massachusetts.

MADELINE.

FROM KEAT'S EVE OF ST. AGNES.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
All garlanded with carved imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moths deep-damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for Heaven.

Miscellany.

MARIE;
OR
Slavery in the United States.

BY GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT.

Author of Travels in Ireland; and, in conjunction with de Tocqueville, of "Penitentiary System of the United States."

(Translated for the Standard)

CHAPTER XV.—[CONCLUDED.]

The Wilderness.

One could not enter this new world without experiencing a secret dread. Here were no longer to be seen villages, cabins, roads, or trodden paths. The hatchet and the axe had never been felt by this vegetation which reigned over the earth and hid the face of heaven. This virgin nature had never been profaned by human industry. You might stumble at every step over fallen trees, but these were not the spoils of men; they were the work of time. In our European forests, the oldest trees are still young. Men do not give them time to die; they are slain in middle age, and their bodies, useful to man, instantly disappear, and do not sadden the beholder. Such is not the primitive forest of America. There are found mingled together its living generations, and those whose life is gone. Overhead waves the verdure that typifies life; underfoot lie broken branches and worm-eaten trunks,—the relics of death.

Thus would the human race go forward over skeletons, but for the compassionate grave, which makes the life of the young less painful by concealing from them the annihilation of their predecessors.

We went forward through the forest, without distinguishing any traces of our path, on the faith of our savage guide. Oniton, that was his name, wore the hard and ferocious expression common to his race. He was the master of our fate; he might betray, or excute any fatal design upon us. To leave us to ourselves would alone be destruction to us.

But these anxious and painful impressions were not of long duration. After travelling some hours, during which our horses could hardly keep pace with the swift Indian, the latter stopped. I offered him to drink, of what the people of his race call, in their figurative language, *fire-water*. He drank, and his physiognomy suddenly took an expression so benevolent, his look, naturally severe, became so gentle, that I was entirely reassured. The forest itself lost its terrors and assumed a smiling aspect. Some miles beyond Pontiac began a delightful region, in which a thousand successive hills formed as many valleys, in which a multitude of lakes shed perpetual coolness, presenting the most charming landscapes to the eye.

As we traversed these beautiful forests, so full of life, so imposing in their antiquity, and yet so near the confines of civilized life, I seemed to hear mysterious echoes telling of their past greatness, and prophesying their near destruction.

How shall I paint to you the enthusiasm that seized my soul? We went forward in silent emotion, beholding the beauties that nature so lavishly offered to our gaze, watching each one of our feelings, to lose nothing of their sweetness. My hand held the hand of Marie, and thus we advanced into the wilderness, each leaning on the other for support;—she sustained by my strength—I by her love; our souls absorbed by the sublime sensations of the scene, and the tender sentiments which every view of nature does but increase. How enchanting was the spectacle offered to our sight!—how sweet the agitation that stirred our souls!—how completely did the delightful impression of the present accord with our charming dreams of futurity!

No sooner should we arrive at Saginaw, than Marie would become my cherished wife! Thus did my beloved one go forward under my protection to the nuptial altar, over a path of a thousand opening flowers, while over our heads hung the foliage of a thousand trees, beneath a continuous arch of verdant sunlight and shadow! Well was it, alas, that the horizon was hidden from our sight, for it was doubtless dark with storms!

Strange mysteries of our nature! the imposing summit of the mountain humbles man's pride; the tumult of an angry sea quiets his soul; while the silence of the solitary forest unchains his ardent and impetuous passions.

I dreaded for Marie the fatigues of the route, but she combated my inquietude with words full of inexpressible charm.

"I feel strong, my friend," she said, "for I am going to meet unlooked-for happiness." Again she said to me,—"this solitary retreat to which we go, was the object of *my* most ardent desires, and the utmost limit of *my* ambition. But hast *thou*, Ludovic, no regrets?"

Then would I reply—"How long was it, my beloved, that I knew not wherefore I lived, continually reproaching the Almighty with the useless days that He imposed upon me! Thy love alone, reveals to me the secret of life.

"In my liveliest enthusiasm for glory, I was not sure that it was not a chimera that I was pursuing. Glory! what is it? The greatness of a man acknowledged by his fellows. But who makes the recognition? Posterity alone. Glory is the sun of the soul, but it never rises till the body has disappeared. Its divine light rejoices only the shades.

"Love, my friend, does not deceive us thus. Thy sweet, enchanting voice is no falsity. The glance that overpowers my soul is no illusion. Thy presence is no chimera. But love itself is not without delusion;—it deceives our hearts by offering a felicity too great for them to contain."

Such was our communion beneath the green gloom of the forest arches, when our eyes were startled by the sudden light which increased as we advanced, until, with the last tree of the forest, the shadows disappeared. We found ourselves in full view of a vast prairie, where nature, in an aspect the most varied, bountiful, and gracious, shone before our eyes in a torrent of light.

Here, the Indian made us comprehend, was a halting place. We had anticipated his directions. Seized with admiration Marie and I had both stopped without interchanging a word, by a simultaneous movement of sympathetic enthusiasm.

While Oniton and Onasco led our horses to a neighboring fountain, Marie took her seat beside me under the spreading branches.

Behind us was the forest; before us unrolled the great prairie, in all its magnificence, when a confused sound struck upon our ears,—made up of the mingled voices of men, the neighing of horses, and the barking of dogs. We soon perceived a troop of Indians, who approached us by the same path which had brought us hither. My first emotion was one of fear. Who were these Indians? Whence came they? How could they so suddenly appear between us and the village we had that very morning left? Was our guide sincere? Was not this very halt he had counselled a treacherous proceeding? If the Indians should attack us, what resistance could I oppose? How could I defend Marie? Placed as we were between these savages and the boundless, unknown space, flight was impossible. The most sinister thoughts filled my soul. My terror increased when I saw Oniton conversing familiarly with the leaders of the troop. Soon the whole tribe came in sight; men, women, and children: luggage, property, home—all were comprehended in its march.

Here, was a young woman bearing her infant at her back; there, might be seen another, seated at the foot of an old oak, giving suck to her newly-born; here and there the Indians were gliding about like wild animals among the foliage, in search of wild fruits; and taking the prairie for their saloon they ranged themselves round a hastily kindled fire, above which they suspended the yet palpitating limbs of a kid and an elk. As they passed near Marie, I looked at them: with the forced smile of fear affecting confidence. All their faces wore a ferocious and savage expression. The greater number feigned not to see us, some cast upon us a look of pride and contempt, while one alone smiled graciously. It was but a passing gleam, and his visage immediately resumed its hard, severe expression.

I afterwards learned that these Indians, of the Ottawa tribe, who live north of Michigan, had come to Detroit in order to go from thence to Canada; and when there, having learned the arrival of the Cherokees, and their departure for Saginaw, they quickly recommenced their journey in order to precede these new-comers at the place of embarkation, and to watch their advance.

We continued our journey without hindrance, and I learned to feel more security while travelling among the savages of the New World than I had previously felt among Europeans of the oldest civilization. The day neared its decline,—our shadows lengthened towards the right. At the extremity of the prairie we again entered upon the forest. Soon we reached the southern bank of the Sable. On the opposite bank we expected to find shelter for the night, and the next day we were to start for Saginaw. Led by Onasco and Onito, our horses swam the river. I placed Marie in a bark canoe which we found on the bank, took my post beside her, and directed, as best I could, the little barque which bore my adored love, my hopes, and my whole destiny. I shall ever dwell with delight upon the memory of that fleeting moment of happiness. It was that hour of parting day which precedes the coming on of night;—the birds of sunlight have finished their songs, and those of darkness have not yet begun their mournful melodies; while, succeeding the burning sun that awakens and revives, the star of night pours down its mild beams upon slumbering nature.

How admirable the contrast! To those innumerable voices,—the songs, the murmurs, and the harmonies of day, had succeeded a deep silence. All was hushed around us; not a distant sound struck the ear. The fire-flies sowed the air with a thousand momentary sparks that one might have taken for the signs of a vast conflagration, had it not been for the delicious coolness which reigned around.

Struck by the calm which we respired,—unable to speak, we held our breath lest we should trouble the silence of nature, and sate moveless, as our canoe floated with the current. Already overlooking the summits of the great pine-trees, the moon cast upon us her mysterious light, her trembling rays reflected from the surface of the waves that were slightly agitated by our frail skiff. The peace of the scene passed into our hearts. We *thought* no longer: our hearts were too full. Our happiness was modified by this modification of nature herself,—erewhile so ardent and animated,—now so tranquil and so still. Evening had come, and with it that tender twilight of the heart,—that sweetest dew which come to refresh souls scorched by the passions of the day.

As I took an oar to steer our canoe towards the bank—"oh! my friend," said Marie, in a low tone, "must we so soon arrive? Why may we not float with this current that bears us so gently along? How freely one breathes here! How pure is the air that has never been sullied by the presence of the wicked! Oh, why must we so soon quit this spot! Where shall we find more of peace—of sweet emotion—of tranquil happiness!"—and she bent towards me, and holding by my arm, went on: "How sweet it were, giving ourselves up to this rapture of repose, and yielding with trusting faith to these waters that cradle us so gently,—how sweet it were, my beloved one, to die together in ecstacy of heart ascending to heaven by that impulse of our souls towards God! We should but change our dwelling-place. The happiness of angels cannot surpass what now we feel; but shall we continue to enjoy a like felicity on earth?"

I guided her towards the bank, saying meanwhile,—"Marie, I know not if indeed thou art a thing of earth—so full of celestial charm are thy voice, thy look, thy language, I could take thee for the angel of grief, aspiring to that heaven where innocence no longer weeps; but when thy voice is modulated to the tones of happiness, I can think only of a superhuman being, who has known heavenly felicity, without depising the joys of earth. Confide in my love;—a sweeter and a purer air—a more smiling region and fairer nature attend us, where we shall be happier than here, for we shall be farther from a world we hate. See how happiness reveals herself to us as we go onwards."

On what shore should we have beheld the morrow's dawning, if, yielding to the idea of Marie, and to the quiet which had taken possession of universal nature, I had released our bark to the chances of the current, I know not. Is the asylum which reason chooses for us, better than that afforded by the craprice of the wind—the windings of the river—the shadows of the night?

Our shelter during the night was a small wooden cabin, inhabited by a New-Englander, who had established himself near the Indians to carry on the fur-trade.

On our arrival, our horses were put into a little enclosure near the dwelling. Our host hastened to cut their supplies from a growing field of oats; then taking an axe he felled a tree in the forest, of which he made a fire to protect us from the chillness of the night. The logs of which the cabin was built, allowed the outer air to penetrate by a thousand crevices, and the dampness of the river already made itself felt. Soon a crackling flame fed by pine-cones, lighted up the obscure abode, and showed us a small, but remarkably neat room. A thin, pale-faced woman appeared—the wife of our host; and around her were grouped several young children. A coarsely-colored picture, representing General Washington, hung over the fireplace. In the United States Washington is the god of the cabin as well as of the capital. On a table in the centre of the apartment, were scattered some tolerably recent numbers of a New-York journal. Every thing about our hosts announced more of prosperity than of happiness. Their manners, polite without elegance,—their language, correct without ornament;—their information, exact but limited, all showed that they had not been born in the woods, but that they had belonged to the middle class of civilized life. Their only object, their fixed principle, was to get on in the world. They were exactly like all the Americans.

The woman prepared us a modest repast, and tea was served beneath the rustic roof This singular situation was not without charms for me, if Marie could have enjoyed it also; but she was suffering from the fatigue of the long day's journey. She could not share the repast which might have renewed her strength. I did my utmost to prepare for a place of repose, laying a Buffalo-skin for her bed, and covering her with my cloak. Then oppressed with weariness, Marie took one of my hands as a pledge of safety, and resting on me for support, fell asleep. Soon all were still around me. Sole I hearkened within to the slightest sound without. Silent and imposing vigil, in the depths of the untrodden forest, in a solitary cabin by the uncertain fire-light which was the only moving thing in sight! how did that still watch bring up like fantoms to my sight the memories of my youth—my ambition—my vast designs—the passages of grandeur and of wretchedness in my life—the illusions with the disenchantment—the loves and hopes!—almost fevered vigil, during which imagination a thousand times roved from the past to the future—from despair to happiness—from wisdom to folly, and ceased not till the instant when ruled by the ascendency of an irresistible power, the mind reeled and yielded by degrees, rose again with effort, then fell at last into the nothingness of sleep.

Before my eyelids closed I had noticed that the sleep of Marie was troubled by sudden movements, and half-uttered words. In the morning, she awoke with a start. Her first act was to seize my hand that she had dropped during sleep. This aroused me from my lethargy; and again beholding Marie, whom I had not had the force to watch over a whole night, I comprehended all the powerlessness of the will.

Marie was sad and thoughtful. "My friend," she said, "if I were not near you, I should apprehend some great misfortune; for I have had terrible dreams."

I remarked, with uneasiness, that the night had given her no rest, and the quickness of her circulations made me think that fever had seized her.—What was to be done? Remain in this lonely cabin? Stop so near our journey's end? We had but a day's journey more to take. The next night we should arrive at Saginaw, to remain there as our home.—Ought we not, at all risks, to reach this place of rest which should restore strength to Marie, and witness the commencement of our happiness? I told my thoughts to Marie. "Oh, yes—yes," she replied—"let us make haste to reach Saginaw. There we shall be happy. You have promised me it should be so."

We left at the hour when nature is wont to regain her many voices with the returning light; but a new scene was in reserve, to produce new impressions. Before reaching the Sable, we had traversed the wildest solitudes: after quitting it, we entered upon a veritable desert. We went forward without hearing the song of a bird, the buzzing of an insect, or the motion of a single living being. It was no longer the silence of nature, reposing after the songs of day, and whose breathing still is heard while she sleeps;—it was the gloomy silence of annihilation. The only sound which struck our ears was that caused by the footsteps of our guide and the tread of our horses; the regular recurrence of which did but add to the monotony of the place. No more valleys—no more echoes—no more prairies—no more sky: continuous forests of the same trees overshadowing a uniformity of soil, was all that met our sight. At each new step, we seemed but to be retracing the one just taken. We seemed to travel on without advancing, the sport of an invisible power, who gave us the illusion of motion, while paralysing our efforts to proceed. We went on—and on—and on; but the scene never changed. Where are we, then?—on the right road? Which is the North, to which we wish to go? Where the South, that we would fain leave behind? I fear we are retracing our steps, so great is the size of this forest. And if there should be no end to it!—for it becomes thicker and thicker—its shadows more and more solemn. Its mute vaults are so full of silence, terror, and mystery, that one might believe oneself lost in the windings of the catacombs.

These impressions were only the more powerful from their contrast with all those of the preceding night, whether gentle or impetuous. I now felt the chillness penetrating to my soul, and weighing like a bar of iron upon my heart.

"My God!" said Marie, approaching me and seizing my hand, "how dreadful is this solitude!" And, as if her soul was prompt to seize on sinister auguries,—"My friend," she continued, "be assured this will be a fatal day. I know not why, but I am haunted by the thought of George. Doubtless some terrible misfortune"—— She could not finish. Her tears completed the prediction. I endeavored to reassure her, and to give more security than I felt. I was, meanwhile, greatly struck with the change in her countenance, and thinking that a little rest might be beneficial to her, I ordered our little caravan to stop.

During this halt, I demanded, by signs, of Oniton, if we were near Saginaw. He understood my question, and, drawing on the ground two points which represented, the one, Saginaw and the other the Sable river, he drew a line from one to the other, and marked on this line, another point to indicate the spot where we stood. This point marked about a third of the length of the whole line. We had completed, it appeared, a third of our journey. An instant after, and while we were seated under the shade of a Catalpa, we beheld the Indian rise, running along before us with the agility of a kid, crying out, as he went, "Saginaw! Saginaw!" and pointing to the sun, already midway in his course.

Then Marie made a strong effort to rise, and we continued our journey in the desert. I quickly discerned by her voice, that Marie's strength continually declined. After long hours of travelling, I again called a halt; but our guide redoubled his pace at my voice, indicating, by an expressive gesture, that the sun was going down, and that the forest would soon be buried in darkness.

Meanwhile the desert presented a more and more repulsive aspect. The path we followed became scarcely discernable, and so narrow that Marie and I could no longer travel abreast. We continually lost the trace, and seemed to be rambling aimlessly through the wilderness. At nightfall the silence ceased, but the solitude took a sad and terrible voice. We could hear the growling of bears, and the ill-omened cry of the birds of darkness. The moon, which lends a charm to the saddest night, as the love of woman sheds its enchantments over the misfortunes of life, had not yet arisen.

At the thought of Marie, and the sufferings which her exclamations, from time to time betrayed, I felt my blood freeze in my veins, and my strength ready to give way. In this state of physical weakness, my reason itself was disturbed, and my imagination pictured round Marie a crowd of fantastic monsters, threatening her life. Sometimes it seemed a raging hyena, sometimes a hideous reptile, awaiting its prey in the path, or ready to spring from the branches of the trees upon her I loved, and take her life before I could have time to forbid or prevent it. I invented a thousand others of these chimeras, so easily created by the soul that is seized upon by the apprehension of a great grief. The hours went on—the night advanced;—our horses slacken their pace;—the dampness rises from the earth. . . . Marie kept a profound silence, which redoubled my anxieties. I took her hand and found it burning with fever.—"My friend," she said, with a half-extinguished voice, "let us go no further,—I am dying."

I felt my heart breaking at the words. I know not what I should have done, in my despair, had not the guide suddenly stopped, and shouted thrice,—"Saginaw!" This cry, thrown out upon the desert, found a long resonance, and we heard it repeated by a thousand echoes. The forest suddenly came to an end, and we entered upon a prairie, insensibly descending for some time. At length we reached a wide river. It was the Saginaw, and on the opposite bank was the asylum we sought.

PARLOR FLOWERS.

A lady correspondent of the Boston Traveller, giving the result of her experience in the cultivation of flowers, says:—It is a pretty common opinion that earth-worms do not injure plants; but I find it a great mistake. Whenever one of my plants falls into a sickly state, neither dying nor living, or remains stationary for weeks together, I turn it out of the pot, upon an old waiter, and cautiously separate the earth from the roots, taking particular care not to break the tender fibres, for they are sent out by the plant for her supplies of food. With proper care the earth may all be separated from the roots without breaking a single thread. As you open the earth around the roots of a plant in the above condition, you may almost invariably discover an earth-worm or two twining around the main body, or even burrowing up into the stem. When these are carefully taken out and destroyed, (I throw them into the fire; but florists of a more sensitive temperament may so dispose of them as to preserve their lives for future use) the roots should be carefully examined, with a small microscope, or very sharp eyes, to see whether there are any other insects about them. If there are, it is a good plan to wash the roots in warm soap suds, always being very careful not to break the tender white fibres.

It is a good plan to heat the earth thoroughly before putting it back into the pots. This may be done with very little trouble,—just put it into an old pan and set it into the oven of the stove or furnace and let it become hot enough to cook the eggs of insects, then sift it through the cinder sieve and return it to the pots. You must take care in the mean time that the roots do not dry in the least.—It is a good plan to keep a little baked earth on hand to cover them until the earth is cool enough to fill up the pots. Then water them by degrees with lukewarm water until the earth is saturated. You will find the plants will soon begin to lift up their heads as if to thank the champion who has slain their dragon.

I find by observation that earth-worms are hatched from the eggs of the large blue fly. You will often see them buzzing around flower-pots, and since my attention has been directed to the subject I have several times seen them creeping from the earth and making awkward attempts to spread their wings for the first time. I found a bunch of their eggs this morning, near the roots of a rosebush. It would not be a bad plan to cover the earth around the plant with gauze, or coarse muslin, at the time the flies are looking for safe places to deposit their eggs.

From the Evening Mirror.

HOOD'S HISTORY OF MUSIC IN NEW ENGLAND.

Wilkins, Carter & Co.: Boston.

This is quite a curious book, and one which will afford the reader both amusement and instruction. The author necessarily treats mostly of religious music, and gives us some quaint specimens of Puritan Psalmody. The following from a version of Elliot, Weld, and Mather, shows that our New England Fathers must have had hard ears, if good hearts:—

1. How good and sweet to see,
i' is for brethren to dwell
together in unitee:

2. It 's like choice oyle *that fell*
the head upon,
that downe did flow

the beard unto
beard of Aaron:
The skirts of his garment
that unto them went down:

3. Like Hermans dews descent,
Sions mountaines upon,
for there to bee
the Lords blessing
life aye lasting
commandeth hee.

Mr. Wood informs us that the first organ built in this country was made by Edward Bromfield, Jr. of Boston, in the year 1745—one hundred years ago—Mr. Bromfield having in that year graduated at Harvard College.

The first American edition of Watts' Hymns was published by Dr. Franklin, in Philadelphia, in 1741. In the preface to the "New England Psalm Singer," issued in 1770, we find the following pious and poetical exhortation,—

O, praise the Lord with one accord,
And in this grand design,
Let Britain and the Colonies
Unanimously join.

This is altogether a very pleasant book, and one that will prove highly acceptable to antiquarians. It is well worth reading, if but for the sketches it contains of those white-haired, venerable men, whose lives were as salt to the nation—the John Cottons and Cotton Mathers of two hundred years ago. How unlike were they, in character and appearance, to some of the dainty and luxurious clergy of the present day.

SYDNEY SMITH, ON WAR.

Among the last productions of the pen of Sydney Smith, was one "on the duties of the Queen," in which this forcible paragraph occurs:

"A second great object which I hope will be impressed upon the mind of this royal lady is, a rooted horror of war,—an earnest and passionate desire to keep her people in a state of profound peace. The greatest curse which can be entailed upon mankind is a state of war. All the atrocious crimes committed in years of peace; all that is spent in peace by the secret corruptions or by the thoughtless extravagance of nations, are mere trifles compared with the gigantic evils which stalk over the world in a state of war. God is forgotten in war; every principle of Christian charity trampled upon; human industry extinguished; you see the son, and the husband, and the brother, dying miserably in distant lands; you see the break of human hearts; you hear the shrieks of widows and children after the battle; and you walk over the mangled bodies of the wounded calling for death. I would say to that royal child, worship God, by loving peace; it is not *your* humanity to pity a beggar by giving him food or raiment,—*I* can do that; that is the charity of the humble and the unknown: widen you your heart for the more expanded miseries of mankind; pity the mothers of the peasantry who see their sons torn away from their families; pity your poor subjects crowded into hospitals, and calling in their last breath upon their distant country and their young Queen; pity the stupid, frantic folly of human beings who are always ready to tear each other to pieces, and to deluge the earth with each other's blood; this is your extended humanity, and this the great field of your compassion. Extinguish in your heart the fiendish love of military glory, from which your sex does not necessarily exempt you, and to which the wickedness of flatterers may urge. Say upon your death-bed, 'I have made few orphans in my reign; I have made few widows; my object has been peace. I have used all the weight of my character and all the power of my situation to check the irascible passions of mankind, and to turn them to the arts of honest industry; this has been the Christianity of my throne, and this the gospel of my sceptre; in this way I have strove to worship my Redeemer and Judge.'"

AIR CHURN.

The Bishop of Derry has invented an atmospheric churn. Instead of the present unscientific mode of making butter by churning, his Lordship accomplishes this measure by the simpler manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream, by means of an exceedingly well-devised forcing-pump. The air passes through a glass-tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stopcock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a wince, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Independently of the happy application of science to this important department of domestic economy, in a practical point of view it is extremely valuable. The milk is not moved by a dasher, as in the common churn; but the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyraceous part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes, and eleven gallons of cream produced twenty-six pounds of butter.

EFFECTS OF CROSSING ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Those classes of the human race which preserve their blood free from mixture with strangers, while they have less variety in external appearance, and perhaps less variety in the scope of mental capacity, than those who cross and recross at pleasure, have more endurance in action, firmer attachments to purposes, and less desultory impetuosity. This is a physical truth. The explanation of it is difficult; but it may be illustrated and comprehended in some degree by those who study the animal fabric, and who are acquainted with the laws of animal economy. In brute animals (horses, sheep, and cattle) the mixture of different races is observed to change the qualities, to improve the beauty, and to enlarge the size; it diminishes the hardiness and the security of the physical health. In man, the mixture of different races improves beauty, augments the volume of the bodily organs, and even perhaps expands the sphere of intellect. It diminishes the power of enduring toil, and renders the habit more susceptible to the causes of disease.—*Jackson's Economy of Animals.*

From the London Punch.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

Wisdom, it must be confessed, goes but at a slow pace round about the world; nevertheless, she does make progress; and from time to time, it is a cheering thing to hear of her doings in some almost forgotten corner of the universe. The philanthropist raises his hands and renders hearty thanks when he hears of her benign influence among any part of the human family. It appears by "a letter from Copenhagen of the 23d ultimo, that in Denmark for several centuries," culprits have had their heads cut off with an axe. The block was "hollowed out in such a manner, that the whole of the face was introduced into the cavity." Well, for several centuries, it seems, the Government officer with the hatchet was liable to "accidents." His hand was not sure, or his heart was not sufficiently strong to permit him to do his work handsomely: he was apt to maim and torture his victims, "especially in 1843 and 1844." At length, "after several centuries," a wise, paternal Government has taken these things to heart, and, touched by benevolence, elevated by wisdom, has resolved to abolish the hatchet and the block; and, in their stead, to "adopt the guillotine." This, "after several centuries," is no doubt a great move in the onward progress of human improvement. And whereas the wretched sinner of 1843 and 1844 was maimed and chopped by only one headsman,—the malefactor of 1845 is to have "two executioners!" The march of intellect is, certainly, not slow in Denmark, seeing that in only several centuries, it has absolutely moved from the block to the guillotine.

From the Same.

THE IRON MARKET.

The demand for iron for the railroads is being sensibly felt in the feverish state of saucepans, which have risen to an alarming height within the last few weeks. A good tea-kettle, which was quoted in the New Cut as low as ninepence, a month ago, has rushed up to a shilling without the *coupon*, that is to say, with no lid to it. The buoyancy in gridirons has been quite frightful; for their resemblance to railway lines has made them the object of competition among various companies. Pokers were dreadfully firm, without the smallest probability of their yielding; and there being no chance of their giving way, there was a good deal of activity. With the exception, however, of pokers, there was very little stirring; for irons were flat, and people seemed afraid of burning their fingers. A little was done in frying-pans at the beginning of the day, but there was no disposition to play for a very great stake, as there formerly used to be.

An Incident at the Battle of Dettington.—On this occasion the Honorable Mr. Townsend (afterwards Marquis Townsend) commenced his military career, when very young, as ensign in the guards. It happened that during the engagement a cannon ball killed a drummer near him, and scattered his brains in every direction. Townsend's eyes were fixed on the ghastly object, and it seemed wholly to engross his thoughts. A superior officer observing him, imagined that the novice was intimidated by the sight, and accosted him in language intended to cheer his spirits. "Oh!" replied the youth, "I am not frightened; I am only puzzled to make out how a fellow with such a quantity of brains came to be here."—*Campbell's Life and Times of Frederick the Great.*

Uninflammable Timber.—The Quebec Gazette publishes a correspondence relative to a plan of depriving timber of its reinflammable properties. The invention appears to be of much importance. The first letter is from Lord Stanley, member of the British ministry, who suggests the importance of employing this invention in the building of those portions of Quebec which have been destroyed by the late calamitous fires. The second letter is from W. Burnett, director-general of the medical department of the navy, who states that the composition renders wood, canvass, and even the finest muslin incapable of receiving or sustaining flame, "and thus either a ship or a house, constructed of materials so impregnated, is made incapable of being burnt by fire."—The British Government have ordered that all the bulkheads and magazines of ships of war, the other bulkheads below, and also the timber of all kinds and in the vicinity of the fires in war-steamers, shall be prepared with the solution in question.—*Nile's Register.*

There is a tree in South America whose fruit resembles roast beef in taste; the butter tree grows in Africa, and the bread tree is to be found in the South Sea Islands. A person once observed that if they could be grafted one on to another, a sandwich tree might be produced.

Items.

Efforts have been made at New Orleans to procure the release of Medrano, the priest who eloped with Hernandez from Staten Island, but without success. He has been suspended from his office. It is said he was not a member of the Society of Jesus.

Capital Punishment.—The anniversary meeting of the New-York Society for the abolition of the Death Penalty was held last week. Some excellent resolutions were adopted, and the meeting addressed by Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin, of Boston, and Parke Godwin, Esq.

A bill has recently passed the Indiana House of Representatives, giving the jury, in cases of capital crimes, the power of deciding whether the prisoner be condemned to solitary confinement for life, or be hanged.

Public Schools in Virginia.—A resolution has passed the House of Delegates, in this State, appropriating the sum of $50,000 annually, in addition to the appropriations heretofore made by law from the Literary Fund, to the support of primary schools.

Religion and the Drama.—They have a theatre at Corpus Christi, Texas, that is devoted to religion and the drama. The last Corpus Christi Gazette contains a notice, that on the succeeding Sabbath a distinguished divine would preach at the theatre in the morning, and that in the evening the "Lady of Lyons," and the farce of the "Rendezvous" would be played: a number of songs and dances to conclude the evening's entertainment.—*Mirror.*

Harro Harring.—The Boston Advertiser says, the question is asked, who is Harro Harring? and thus replies:—For many years Harro Harring took part in every conspiracy organized on popular principles, and every attempted revolution in Europe. For this cause, there is not a nation on the Continent, probably, where he could show himself in perfect security. In consequence of his numerous exiles, he repaired to South America, where he again took up his professional occupation as a liberal revolutionist. In these various movements, he has for political offences made the personal acquaintance with the inside of *forty-six* State Prisons.

One of the "Fat and Sleek."—A friend in the southern part of the State, writes us as follows under date of January 23d:

"A slave of Henry Clay's is here on his way to Canada. He says a difficulty occurred between him and the overseer, and that he applied to his master to interfere on his behalf, who directed the overseer to give him *three hundred lashes!* After giving him one hundred and fifty, by much importunity he released him for the time being, and he made his escape. Comment is needless."

Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Emigration to Texas.—A letter from Galveston to the Union says:—"You cannot form an idea of the immense emigration to Texas. Besides the three fine seasteamers plying weekly between Galveston and New-Orleans, and the immense emigration by land from the United States, the harbor is filled with vessels from Europe, which come crowded with emigrants seeking a refuge on our hospitable shores from the grinding and unrequited labors to which they are subjected in Europe. Many of these emigrants—the great bulk of whom are Germans—bring with them a considerable supply of ready cash; and all of them from whom I have heard seem well satisfied with the change in their condition."

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

In this place, so long celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, purity of the air, and utility of the water, is now instituted a WATER-CURE INFIRMARY; which, from the above considerations, promises to be of the greatest importance to the afflicted, and to persons wishing to spend a season in the country for the purpose of recruiting the energies of the system, after a time of illness or hard labor. The beauty of the scenery and salubrity of the air, is not often excelled in any country. The water is abundant and of all temperatures, from ice cold to 72 degrees Fahrenheit Ther. The mountain springs have been tested by the celebrated chemists, Dr. Chilton, of New-York, and Professor Avery, of Hamilton College, and pronounced perfectly pure and soft. The various baths, as PLUNGE, SHOWER, DOUCHE, HOSE, FOUNTAIN, EYE & EAR, COLD or WARM, are so constructed, as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them perfectly comfortable even in the coldest weather. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic diseases, have much to induce them to visit this establishment. The water treatment has been particularly successful in the following complaints: Rheumatism, either acute or chronic, Gout, incipient stages of Consumption, Dispepsia or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c. It removes nervous affections, and the various forms of Fever, as Typhus, Billious, and Intermitting. It acts like a charm in all eruptive diseases, as Small-pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c. All scrofulous complaints, and diseases arising from impurities of the blood, tumors, ulcers, fever sores, and boils, are more successfully treated by water than by any system of medicine.

The diet and regimen of patients are strictly attended to, which alone, in most cases of chronic disease, is far better for the patient than any system of drug medication. Suitable medical examination and advice constantly in attendance at the establishment, who will give strict attention to the patients, and point out all necessary changes to facilitate the cure.

Those who feel competent to treat their own cases at home, and want an examination and prescription, can have it at a reasonable expense.

The inhabitants of this vicinity are particularly notified that they can have medical advice and attention at their own houses, in all acute or chronic diseases, where it is not practical to come to the establishment.

One important item to the afflicted is, that the water-cure patients are never left to groan out a miserable life from the ill effects of mineral or vegetable poisons.

The expense, per week, is from $5 to $8, including board, medical advice and attendance.

N. B. The patients are expected to bring two linen or cotton sheets, three woollen blankets, two comfortables, and towels. DAVID CAMBELL, *Principal.*

N. BEDORTHA, M. D. Resident Physician.
Dr. S. GRAHAM, Counselling Physician,

P. S. Located 25 miles east of Albany, 7 miles west of Pittsfield, Mass. and within an hour's ride of the Boston and Albany, the Hudson, and also the Housatonic railroads.

February 15, 1846.

PH